Together

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families—August 1960

HYMN OF FAITH: a new color pictorial by readers.

Hiroshima, 1960: Norman Cousins

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Here People Call

IF YOU HAD BEEN touring in Maryland last spring, and had followed that road sign above, you might have happened upon this scene. And if you'd remarked that even in this historic Pipe Creek community (30 miles northwest of Baltimore) people don't usually go about dressed like this, you'd have been absolutely right. These are descendants of the builder of the log dwelling, steeping themselves in its lore for their part in the Methodist historical fashion show pictured on pages 26 and 27.

That building holds great significance for all Methodists. Records say it was here, in this home, where John Evans lived some 200 years ago. Here, it is claimed, the first Methodist class meeting in America was held in the mid-1760s. Eight attended, including Robert Strawbridge, the Irish-born lay preacher who brought Methodism to Maryland and who lived nearby [see *The Three Roots of American Methodism,* November, 1959, page 25].

John Evans—no known relation to the John Evans of later Illinois and Colorado fame [see *John Evans,* April, page 32]—was one of the neighbors who took care of Strawbridge's plowing, planting, and harvesting while the preacher was out spreading the Gospel. Mrs. Strawbridge fed the friends who helped so generously, and it was while Evans was dining there that she persuaded him to become a Christian. His conversion "in 1764," according to his son, David, was one of the first in American Methodism.

A long time ago? To most people perhaps. But not to those in the picture: Robert K. Billingslea, Jr; his mother, Mrs. Robert K. Billingslea; Mrs. Lloyd Elderdice, and Mrs. Elderdice's daughter, Mrs. Joseph Hering, holding her son, Douglas. All are John Evans' descendants who live in the neighborhood; to them, the area's history is very much alive.

Harold Flecknoe photographed them when he was covering the historical fashion show for TOGETHER. His shot is an excellent example of the way Methodism's past can be linked with its present for TOGETHER's 1960-61 Photo Invitational, which seeks color slides depicting Methodist Americana. Many such spots are clearly marked; not only does that sign above point out the Evans house, for instance, but the log structure is indicated on the *Methodist Americana Map* in the November, 1959, issue, which commemorated the 175th anniversary of Methodism. Reprints are available (50 cents) at Cokesbury Bookstores.

Descendants of John Evans pose before his house, an American Methodist landmark four miles south of New Windsor, Md. It is located on Marston Road near State Route 27.

Methodists Wove History

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"How many read *Together?*" Pastor Hobbs asked Mrs. Gilbreth's membership class and to his delight found every hand waving.

"I like the bright color pictures."

"And I read Teens *Together* first thing."

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Yes, all over the country impressionable youth are reading and enjoying *Together*, an official publication of The Methodist Church. Colorful picture pages present an invitation to read for them as well as for mom and dad. Truly *Together* serves the entire family.

And class, you're very handsome. Your church, First Methodist, Tucson, Arizona, must be very proud of you.

Together / SAN FRANCISCO Area *NEWS* Edition

AUGUST, 1960

$1.5 Million Expansion Fund Drive Approved

L. Covello Photo

Shirtsleeve and sport shirts weather prevailed during the California-Nevada Conference session in Stockton with the temperature ranging from 92 to 105 degrees.

Approval of a major step forward—a $1,547,000 expansion fund campaign—and continuance of two trends—reorganization and slowing of membership growth—marked this year's session of California-Nevada Annual Conference.

The campaign for the fall of 1961, to benefit College of the Pacific, Fred Finch Children's Home, campus student centers and campgrounds, also includes a strong emphasis on stewardship education.

Chief item in this year's reorganization is creation of the eighth district, Golden Gate. Net membership growth was only 2.2 per cent for the past year, the lowest in seven years. Church-school enrollment and attendance actually showed decreases.

(Details of these actions, as well as resolutions and personnel, are found on other pages of this edition.)

With a few brief exceptions, Bishop Tippett presided over the sessions from Tuesday morning's communion through the reading of appointments Sunday afternoon. He also gave the morning devotions and the address to the new and retiring classes of ministers and spoke to some 4,000 worshipers at Sunday morning's service.

The Rev. Robert W. Moon of First-Fresno took the chair while the Conference heard and adopted unanimously a memorial to the Jurisdictional Conference that Bishop Tippett be re-assigned to the San Francisco Area, continuing his 12 years here.

The Rev. John R. Wilkins of New York City presided while the bishop was called out on business Bishop A. Raymond Grant of Portland Area, a former member of this Conference, presided part of Saturday morning and took the occasion to thank the Conference for its $4,500 in aid to the blast-damaged Roseburg, Oreg., Church last August.

Dr. Clare N. Pettit of Parlier was re-elected Conference lay leader. New district lay leaders are W. L. (Tommy) Thompson of Park Presidio-San Francisco for the new Golden Gate District, and Edgar Crigler of Central-Stockton replacing Otto Zentner of Los Banos in Central District.

With the smallest increase in several years, 7.7 per cent, the Conference budget stirred up little debate and was adopted at the record figure of $1,427,488. Major increases are for World Service, student centers, church extension and the added district superintendent. In the recommended items outside the budget, Fred Finch Children's Home joined the camp-

600 Honor Bishop and Mrs. Tippett

San Francisco Area Methodists paid tribute to our Bishop and First Lady at an appreciation dinner May 27 in Stockton's Civic Auditorium. More than 600 persons attended.

Highlight of several presentations was a check for $5,180 to College of the Pacific for the Bishop Tippett Lectures in Religious Perspectives in Higher Education. Several hundred dollars have since been added to this fund, solicited by the Conference Board of Lay Activities to endow the annual lectures.

Recalling the 12 years of the Tippetts' leadership of the Area, remarks made along with presentations included:

Mrs. Ted F. Baun, Conference WSCS president, giving a recording of the program: "They have been close to the heartbeat of the families. . . . They have been a team of two for the price of one. . . . They have been our missionaries and have brought a world concern to us."

The Rev. David MacMurdo of St. Mark's-Sacramento, a plaque of appreciation on behalf of the ministers: "We are fortunate the appointments are made on the basis of warm, personal knowledge of pastors and families as well as statistics of the church. . . . He walks among us as one constantly aware of the footsteps of the Master."

G. Clifford Pettygrove of Epworth-Berkeley read excerpts from letters among scores received from friends and co-workers of the Tippetts.

Also presented was a television set, for Mrs. Tippett to view while he is attending meetings of the Television, Radio and Film Commission, as its chairman.

(Continued on page A-6)

New District Created: Pastoral Changes Made

Creation of a new district, appointment of two new superintendents and moves for some 75 pastors, fewer than usual, featured the personnel picture at this year's California-Nevada Conference.

New church at Citrus Heights and one projected at Almaden-San Jose received their first pastoral appointment. Another projected in Santa Clara was left to be supplied.

Without any debate, the proposal for an eighth district, comprising San Francisco and most of San Mateo County, was

(Continued on page A-2)

Taylor Photo

Top speakers at the California-Nevada Conference sessions were Bishop Tippett and Dr. Theodore A. Gill, president of the Presbyterian Seminary at San Anselmo.

grounds fund and the national Methodist TV ministry.

The Conference's interest in improving service by and to the churches in Nevada was evidence in two ways. In the district study report as adopted was a recommendation favoring a Sierra-Nevada District as the next added district, with its superintendent residing in Nevada. Later the Jurisdictional Conference was asked to consider changing Conference boundaries so that all Nevada would be within a single Conference, rather than three as at present.

As a climax to Youth Day, attended by more than 700 young people, Robert J. Cary, Conference director of youth and student work, was honored by the presentation of a fund for round-the-world travel, for vacation and for visiting MYFund projects. He was surprised further by the presence of 14 of the 21 Conference youth presidents who have served during his 11 years as director. One of them, Jack Crump, came from Michigan for the occasion.

Other highlight actions included:

Establishment according to 1960 General Conference action of a new Board of Christian Social Concerns, with 48 members. It combines the former boards of temperance, world peace, social and economic relations.

Raising minimum salary scale by $200 to $3,900 per year for married, full-time pastor, plus housing and dependents' allowances.

Raising ministers' pension rate by $4 to $56 per year of service.

All reports and legislation cleared through one of six sections before plenary consideration. Only change from chairmen announced previously was the Rev. Richard Bimson of Atwater in place of Wendell Hansen of First-Fresno.

New District Created

(Continued from page A-1)

adopted overwhelmingly. Then nearly an hour was spent arguing the merits of various names, resulting in the title of Golden Gate.

While the remainder of San Jose District retains that name, East Bay was rejected for the remainder of Metropolitan District. The committee brought out a ballot with three names, and the response was definitely for Bay View.

As the session opened, Bishop Tippett named the Rev. Kenneth W. Adams, after seven years at First-Fresno, to lead the Sacramento-Nevada District, and transferred the Rev. Douglas Ewan from there to First-Redwood City. Adams has been president of the Board of Missions.

After the new district was voted, he appointed the Rev. D. Clifford Crummey its superintendent. Crummey had been pastor at Grace-Stockton for seven years and president of the Conference Board of Education. He was succeeded by the Rev. Jack McMichael, who has been doing graduate study for the past two years.

The Sacramento-Nevada change resulted in several pastoral re-assignments, with the Rev. Robert W. Moon to First-Fresno, the Rev. Howard C. Busching to San Leandro, the Rev. Edwin M. Sweet to First-Reno and the Rev. James C. Etheredge, Jr., to St. Paul's-San Jose.

The redistricting also moved a few churches across boundaries, such as Woodland from Sacramento-Nevada to Shasta; Antioch and Pittsburg from Central to Bayview; Firebaugh, Mendota, Tranquillity and San Joaquin from Fresno to Central.

Re-elected as Conference officers were Frank Webber of Mill Valley, treasurer; the Rev. Roy E. Wilson of Trinity-Berkeley, statistician; the Rev. Jackson L. Butler of Lodi, secretary. The present staff of the Conference Council was re-elected.

Changes in appointments include these:

BAYVIEW DISTRICT

Alameda: Court Street.....C. Edgar Manherz (plus First)
Concord assistant.....Ralph E. West
Fremont.....A. Jerome Carter, Jr.
Lafayette.....George E. Berry
Oakland: First associate.....Donald G. Smith
Good Shepherd.....Edgar E. Wilson
Lake Park.....Virgil W. Jackson
Melrose.....Shirley C. Crawford
Pittsburg.....Robert W. Findley
San Lorenzo.....R. Vaughn Smith

CENTRAL DISTRICT

Brentwood.....Bernard Rice
Dairyland.....Donald Cunningham (plus Chowchilla)
Farmington.....Stanley Simpson
Galt.....Bill Eugene Beck
Linden.....Francis Mitchinson
Livingston.....Earl L. Langguth
Los Banos.....Henry Ball
Modesto: Centenary.....Sherwood Daily
Oakdale.....Willard E. Banghart
Sonora.....William C. Eddy
Turlock.....Paul Nelson

GOLDEN GATE DISTRICT

Burlingame associate.....T. Elmer Smith
Half Moon Bay.....Gregory Yasinitsky
San Mateo: Shoreview.....Glenn D. Miller

FRESNO DISTRICT

Caruthers.....Dan Harper
Clovis.....C. Merle Clark
Cuyama.....James Kubik
Earlimart.....Dwight M. Iles
Five Points.....Don Burkhart
Fresno: St. Luke's.....Lynn H. Haver
Laton.....Phil Masonheimer
Lemoore.....Verl L. Churchill
Orosi.....Evald Leps
Selma: First.....Bert E. Weeks
Tipton.....H. Earl Morris, Jr.
Tranquillity.....Floyd E. Marker
Wasco.....Raymond M. Squire

REDWOOD EMPIRE DISTRICT

Ferndale.....Nathan Whittlesey, Jr.
Kelseyville-Lakeport.....Beverly L. Davis, Jr.
Napa associate.....E. Eugene Cronk
St. Helena.....William N. Wingstrom
Smith River.....Samuel W. Lenderman
Tamalpais Valley.....Robert R. Roberts
Vallejo: Wayside.....Donald D. Donihue
Windsor.....John H. Pearson, Jr.

SACREMENTO-NEVADA DISTRICT

Citrus Heights.....Martell H. Twitchell
Colfax.....Chester W. McCaskey
Del Paso Heights: Asbury....Paul S. Mekkelson
Fair Oaks.....J. Paul Coleman
Kings Beach.....Herman R. Holler
Newcastle-Penryn.....Edward N. Dabritz
Sacramento: Elmhurst.....Quincy K. Hamilton
Merwin.....William P. Hunt
St. Mark's associate.....Richard W. Lungren
Winnemucca.....Wayne H. Long

SAN JOSE DISTRICT

Aptos.....Roy Badgley
Monterey.....Robert H. Clark
Palo Alto: St. Andrew's.....J. Howard Acton
San Jose: Almaden.....Charles F. Rehfus
Santa Clara: First.....Paul G. Logsdon
Sunnyvale: Lakewood.....Charles F. Cordes

SHASTA DISTRICT

Colusa.....Clarence Spellm
El Camino.....John Cors
Nevada City.....R. Ned Sm
Olivehurst.....William G. Gibs
Portola.....J. Allen Sowa
Red Bluff.....George E. Wet
Shasta Dam Community.....Ronald Greil
Woodland.....Frank D. Nor

Form Two New Churche

Two new churches, one in each Annu Conference of San Francisco Area, ha been organized with more than 1 charter members.

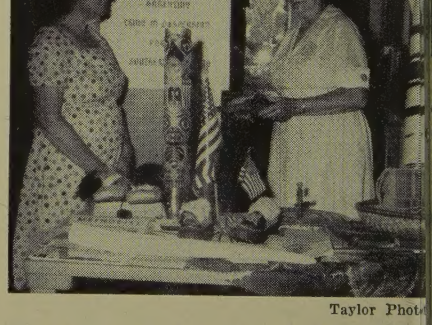
First came Gardena Community Met odist Church, in the Southern Californ District of Pacific Japanese Provision Conference. The Rev. Peter Chen w appointed a year ago to work part-tim among them.

Organization was May 15, with charter members received, 13 of them b profession of faith. Meetings are bein held in the chapel at the Spanish Amer can Institute in Gardena.

Citrus Heights Church of Sacrament Nevada District, California-Nevada Co ference, was organized May 22, with 6 charter members and average Sunda school attendance of 45.

The congregation has been meetin since December in a home on a four-ac Conference-owned site adjacent to Ros ville. The Rev. William C. Dyer of Ros ville has conducted services. First Churc leaders include Dr. Wayne Mann, la member and trustees chairman, Tom Ma Hale, lay leader, Foster Crawford, churc school superintendent, and Mrs. Esth Larson, WSCS president.

Appointed pastor at Conference wa the Rev. Martell H. Twitchell, transfe from North Mississippi Conference.



Taylor Photo

Always one of the most colorful exhibit at Annual Conference is that of the Board of Missions. In charge was Mrs. Earl Menker (right) of First Church, Oakland

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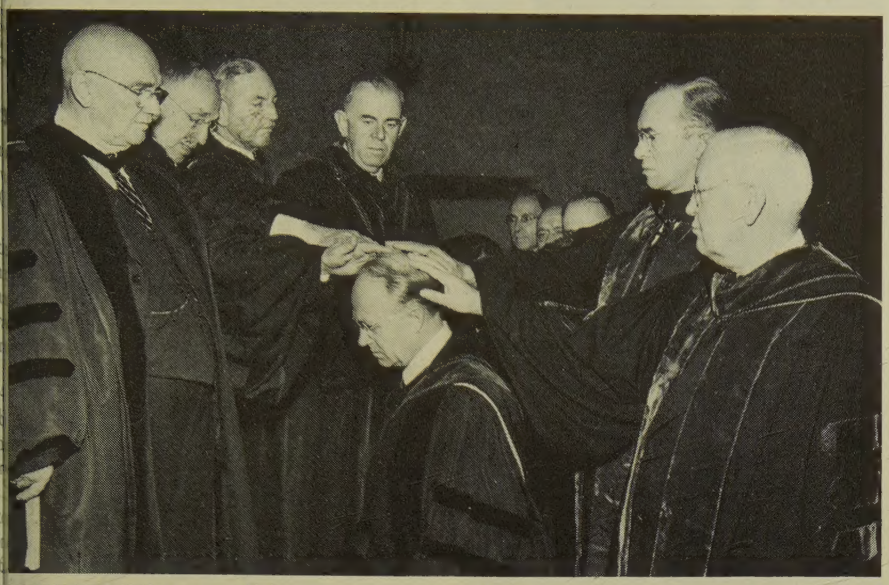
Twelve for Tippett — A Bishop's Busy Years

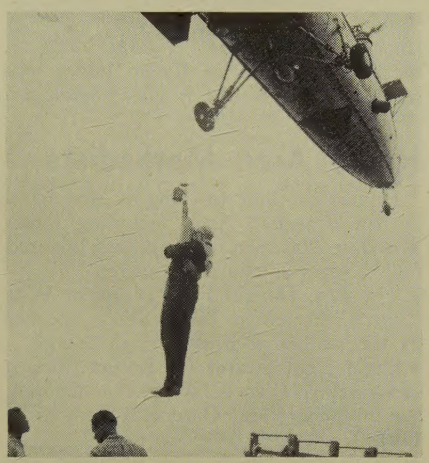
AT HOME IN PLACES AROUND THE WORLD

The 12 years since Donald Harvey Tippett was consecrated a Methodist bishop, on July 9, 1948, have indeed been busy. Though "resident" to San Francisco Area and well-traveled among its widespread churches, these photos show him to be "at home" also in places around the world and in many phases of the church's mission. They can only begin to depict Bishop and Mrs. Tippett's wide activity and devotion. *(Story of new honors given the bishop on page A-1.)*



CONSECRATION as a bishop was at Seattle in 1948, with Bishops F. J. McConnell, J. C. Baker, Wilbur Hammaker and Paul Martin, Dr. Harold Case, Dr. George Warmer, Sr.

THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION has been prime concern. He breaks ground for new theological seminary, in Ohio.



'HOLY HELI HOPPER' he was called after being 'slung' from the carrier Ranger to a destroyer on a Navy trip in 1958.

MOST FREQUENT means of travel for the Tippetts has been the airplane. He has two million air miles to his credit.

TV AND RADIO interests have made him head of Methodist work in this field and six-year broadcaster on an Area program.

IN THE CONGO in 1952-3, another title was added, Khum Ukunda or chief of chiefs of the Bambuli and Balanga clans.

Set Schools of Missions

Two schools of missions and Christian service are being offered again this summer by California-Nevada WSCS, both at College of the Pacific.

The schools will be July 25-29, with Mrs. Ted Baun of First-Fresno as dean (because of illness in family of Mrs. Russell Scothorn), and August 15-19, with Mrs. Charles Seely of North Sacramento as dean. Mrs. Ted Streeter of Oak Park-Sacramento is registrar.

In addition to clinics for various officers, courses and teachers will include, for July: world missions, Miss Ruth Gress, San Francisco, director of work with non-English-speaking people and former missionary to China; home missions, Miss Mona Dyer of First-Fresno; alcohol problems, the Rev. Robert Moon of San Leandro, basic Christian beliefs, the Rev. Roy Nichols of Downs-Oakland; Bible, Mrs. Merle Reed of North Sacramento; visual aids, Mrs. Clark Newton of Sanger.

For August: world missions, Miss Patricia Riddell, missionary to Argentina, on furlough; home missions; Mrs. Howard Stickland of Calvary-San Jose; alcohol problems, Mrs. John Paul Stone of San Diego; basic Christian beliefs, the Rev. Gordon Birky, Conference program counselor; Bible, Mrs. Don Fleming of First-Santa Cruz; visual aids, Mrs. John W. Middleton of Castro Valley.

New district WSCS presidents are Mrs. L. R. Pinson of First-Yuba City, Shasta District; Mrs. Manning Booker of Los Altos, San Jose; Mrs. Harold Hardman of Castro Valley, Metropolitan.

Church Building Expands

Expansion of church property in many ways continues strong in all parts of San Francisco Area. Recent developments include these:

Purchase of a stoneblock, 10-classroom school building and its full-block site by **Carson City,** Nev., Church. The structure, across the street from the church, will be used for church-school classes and a community youth center. The school cost $27,500, according to the Rev. Clyde Teel, pastor.

Fresno Japanese Church has purchased new pews, choir benches, altar, pulpit and lectern.

The new parsonage of **Hughson** Church, built at a cost of $25,000, was consecrated May 19 by the Rev. Charles E. Lord, Central District superintendent. The three-bedroom home is adjacent to the church's site for projected building. The old parsonage will be used for classrooms.

An electric organ was dedicated at **First Church, Loomis,** in memory of the late Rev. S. Kuwano.

Extensive expansion and remodeling of the parsonage at **Point Arena** to house the George McLanes and their five children has been completed and paid for. More than half of the $5,000 project was in donated labor and materials.

Among bearers of the Olympic torch to the Winter Games at Squaw Valley was Harold Biggs, First Church, Sacramento.

Honor Area Methodists

Honors continue to come to Methodists in San Francisco Area, including these:

• Arthur Anderson of Kingsburg honored for 33 years as church treasurer.

• The Rev. Donald Fado of Sierra Vista Church selected as baccalaureate speaker by the seniors of Fresno High School.

• Eagle Scout awards for Robert Ebright of Campbell, Francis Oka of Pine Church, San Francisco, and Gordon Takemoto of Loomis.

• Election as senior class president and a four-year Navy scholarship for Larry Feist of Cambrian Park.

• A straight-A grade record for the semester at Fresno State College agriculture division for Gary Gamble, active in First Church, Corcoran.

• Selection as the outstanding future farmer of Tulare, Kings, Fresno and Madera Counties for John Burr, 16, of Lindsay Church.

• The Rev. Robert DeWolf of Hanford and his family appeared twice recently in print. First it was their article on the experience of "We Had the Bible for Breakfast" in the *Christian Herald.* Then the *Hanford Sentinel* carried a story and pictures of their family orchestra, including the parents and their four sons.

• A steer owned by Lynnette Anderson of Kingsburg was grand champion of Tulare County 4-H fair.

• Ken Hinkle of Red Bluff won a three-weeks tour of the U. S. and Canada as one of California's four best in a U.N. contest sponsored by the Odd Fellows lodge as part of its local program.

• Ed Simonsen, director of the junio choir at Wesley Church, Bakersfield, listed in the new edition of *Who's Wh* He is president of Bakersfield College.

• Wesley Church also has four wom serving this year as Parent-Teacher pre dents—Mrs. Bonnie Bingham, Mrs. Ad Nau, Mrs. Ruth Jacobus and Mrs. Je Paine.

• A new councilman in Monte Sere is John Hammer of Los Gatos Churc

• This year's Methodist presidents local councils of churches include t Rev. Richard H. Fitch of First-Haywar Eden Council, and the Rev. Sarge Wright of Cambrian Park-San Jos Santa Clara Council.

• Dr. James H. Corson of First-Modest long superintendent of Modesto schoo was given an honorary membership the National Congress of Parents an Teachers. He has just become executiv secretary of the California Association School Administrators.

• Young Methodists representing the communities this year at Boys State an Girls State citizenship programs in Sacr mento include Robert Hart Ruth, MY vice-president, and Barbara Aivazia Sunday-school teacher, both of Parlie Jane Wilbur and Diana Dittes of Firs Corcoran.

• Named 4-H Key Leader of the mont for Mendocino County was the Re George McLane, pastor at Point Aren and Mendocino Coast Parish. McLan in 4-H work since 1925, leads a clu whose 44 members are in two commun ties and carry 55 projects.

• At College of the Pacific, student hon ors for the past year went to James Lyn of Burlingame and youth associate Tracy, the Tippett award for "outstandin senior pre-seminary student"; to Joh Beyer of Campbell, named his class outstanding man for the second year (h is pre-ministerial and Conference MY president); to Lynn Engdahl of M Shasta and pastor at Knights Ferry, Kappa Delta forensics award.

Sponsors Variety Show to Aid MYF Campers

Much of the population of Fall Rive Mills was treated in May to another i the annual series of variety shows tha starred over 100 persons, most of the members of Community Methodis Church.

Sponsors were the Shipmates, th church couples club, and the beneficiarie are a dozen MYF members going t summer camp. The proceeds also helpe with a new rug in the sanctuary.

The school gymnasium was packed fo a program of singing, drama, male chorus line, magic, and folk dancing, all in th theme of "The Flight of Space Shi No. 4."

The Shipmates, who now accept single persons as "stowaways," work with th church's evangelism and youth programs and at developing a real community spirit.

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

The district missionary secretary and at least one other person from each district of this Conference will be among Methodists attending the Annual Conference on the Christian World Mission, in late July and early August at Asilomar.

Among most recently arrived refugees, from Indonesia via Holland, is Raymond Dreier, sponsored by the Builders Class of Porterville Church.

Wedding vows were exchanged June 19 by the Rev. Peter Chen of Gardena and West Los Angeles Churches and Miss Nora Oshima of Centenary Church, Los Angeles.

As a "cowhand," Mrs. Gerald Lowe, wife of the pastor of St. Luke's Church, Richmond, was featured in a picture story in a recent *Merced Sun-Star* daily edition. She helped Mrs. James Kissack round up the Kissacks' 400 head of beef cattle. The Lowes formerly led the Merced church.

One hundred and five persons who were Epworth Leaguers in Lodi in the late '20s and early '30s attended a banquet and reunion program at Lodi in May. Guest preacher was the Rev. Mahlon Young of Berkeley, Lodi pastor in 1929-33.

First Protestant minister ever to graduate from University of San Francisco, Catholic school, is the Rev. Alzia Bowser, who received a bachelor of science degree in June. He has been pastor of Ridge Point Church, San Francisco, for the past two years, and will enter seminary this fall.

Tradition of serving the official board once a year from an Indian brass tray has been revived at Merced Church. The tray was given by the Baroda, India, church to Miss Elma Chilson, missionary who spent several years of retirement in Merced. Now she is at the deaconess home in Pasadena.

The Methodist Men of Fortuna more than completed their *60 Tons for '60* program of providing surplus food for overseas needy through MCOR. At the rate of 437 pounds per dollar, they raised enough for 65 tons of food.

The spotlight was turned on public education—objectives, problems, taxes, etc.—in a public forum at St. Luke's Church, Richmond, sponsored by the commission on Christian social relations.

Speaker at the Idaho Annual Conference this year was the Rev. Robert W. Moon of San Leandro.

Only one game was lost by the Blaine Church, Seattle, team in the 13-years-and under church basketball league. The boys took second place and two spots on the all-star team.

A lectureship at their alma mater, Dakota Wesleyan University, has been established by Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Stark of First Church, Oakland. First lecturer was Dr. George A. Warmer, former pastor of First Church and now vice president of Boston University. Dr. Stark is a member of the Conference Commission on World Service and Finance and of California-Nevada Methodist Homes board.

Larry Crawford, son of the Rev. and Mrs. J. Alvin Crawford of McFarland, and Miss Sandra Fowler of Sacramento were married June 4 at McFarland.

The 16 officers recently installed by Wesley Foundation at Berkeley represent 12 local churches. Only churches with multiple representatives are next door Trinity-Berkeley and Trinity-Bakersfield.

For the seventh year, Mrs. Fred K. Wilken, wife of the pastor of Grace Church, Fresno, gave the Mother's Day sermon, on *The Eternal Triangle.*

Newest San Francisco Area churches to join the TOGETHER all-family plan include Clearlake Oaks, First-Yuba City, Fellowship-Vallejo, Caruthers, and Orinda Moraga-Lafayette.

Chaplains and teachers in Alaska had the attention in parts of May and June of James McGiffin of First Church, Palo Alto, director of Christian education with the Division of National Missions.

While at General Conference, the Rev. Ray F. Magnuson of Fortuna was presented an honorary life membership by the national Methodist Rural Fellowship.

"Mother of the Year" for Modesto is the new title for Mrs. Arthur Thurman, wife of the pastor of First Church, Modesto. Mother of two daughters, she was chosen by the city's Downtown Retail Merchants.

Elections coming from the General Conference, in addition to those reported in the July issue, include Bishop Tippett to a holding corporation for the Wire property in Washington, D. C., reserved for use of the general church; Dr. Robert E. Burns of Central-Stockton to University Senate; the Rev. Daniel D. Walker of First-Oakland to Board of Education; the Rev. Norman L. Conard of Glide-San Francisco to General Board of National Council of Churches; Conard and the Rev. Robert W. Moon of First-Fresno to council's general assembly; the Rev. John R. Wilkins to Interim Committee on Rules and alternate delegate to assembly of World Council of Churches.

On behalf of Oroville Church, Pastor Dodds Bunch (left) greeted the Rudi Messerschmidt family when they arrived as new residents. Refugees from Indonesia via Holland, they were sponsored by the official board. The children are aged 6 to 10.

Church Merger Working

"An experiment still in process" is the story of the merger of First and Eighth Avenue Churches, Oakland, aimed at keeping Methodism an active force for good in the densely populated downtown area.

From the merger, which occurred last September, has developed an over-all, one church, one staff, two location program, including:

Use of Wesley Center (former Eighth Avenue) for many community center activities, such as "Dynamic Elders," children's choirs, WSCS and Wesleyan Service Guild, Alcoholics Anonymous group, released-time religious education, Boy Scout troop for deaf boys, basketball teams in the gymnasium.

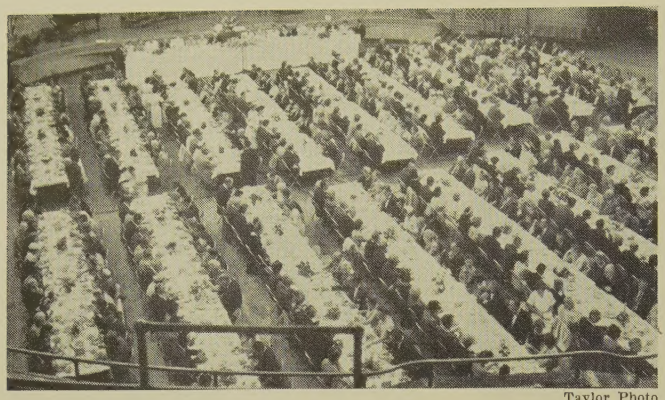
Other projected uses of the center's large plant—classrooms, lounges and gymnasium as well as sanctuary—include a baby clinic, more youth groups, possible use by language churches.

The plant is in the heart of the city's first urban renewal area.

History Award to Calvary

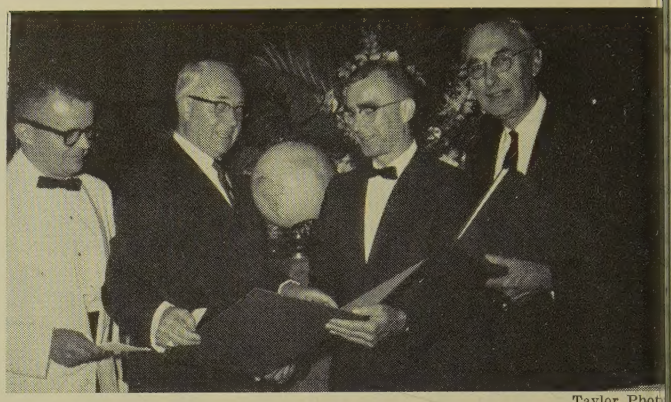
Calvary Church, San Francisco, to be 50 years old in November, was the winner of this year's award for "best printed history of a local church."

The H. W. Jamieson History Award was presented at the third annual "Showcase of History" in San Jose, sponsored by the Conference Historical Society. It was received by Anna Cox, editor of the history.



Taylor Photo

Stockton Civic Auditorium was filled by more than 600 persons for the bishop's appreciation banquet. Above is a general view of the auditorium during the dinner. Presentations were made



Taylor Photo

(right above) to Bishop Tippett by Robert Winterberg (left), the Rev. MacMurdo and G. Clifford Pettygrove with the best wishes of the thousands of San Francisco Area Methodists.

600 Honor Bishop

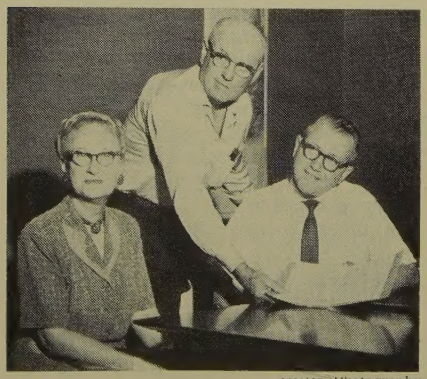
(Continued from page A-1)

Mrs. Tippett expressed her gratitude for many considerations. She added thanks to the laymen for nice parsonages for the ministers and quipped "Next to my husband I'd like a disposal."

The bishop pointed out that "you've let me experiment, encouraged me to, and together we've launched out on new adventures. . . . Any success I've had as a bishop is due to the training you gave me." He expressed thanks for the lectures fund by saying that "nothing could mean quite so much to us as giving this assurance of making the lectures permanent," with their influence on teachers from state and church institutions and their influence in turn on Christian motivation of students.

The program, arranged by Arthur Farey of COP, was a medley of music by the Stockton Chorale, directed by Arthur Holton, and of excerpts read by several persons, ranging from "Our Town" to the consecration service for a bishop.

General arrangements were in charge of Dr. Clare N. Pettit of Parlier, Conference lay leader.



Miller Photography

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Raymond of Knights Landing, donors of a $1.5 million farm tract to endow a new college in conjunction with College of the Pacific, make history as they give deed for land to COP President Robert E. Burns (right).

Vote Largest Campaign in History

Record Not Too Good

For the fourth consecutive year, net membership gain in California-Nevada Conference has shown a decline in percentage. For 1959-60 it was 2.22 per cent, according to the Rev. Roy E. Wilson Conference statistician.

Bishop Tippett told the session that the record "is not one that anyone will care to boast about." He noted that members received on profession of faith were 53 fewer than the previous year, while removals by quarterly conference increased by 21 per cent or nearly 1,000.

He also expressed alarm at the slight drop in church-school membership and Sunday school average attendance, with the only significant gain being in youth enrollment.

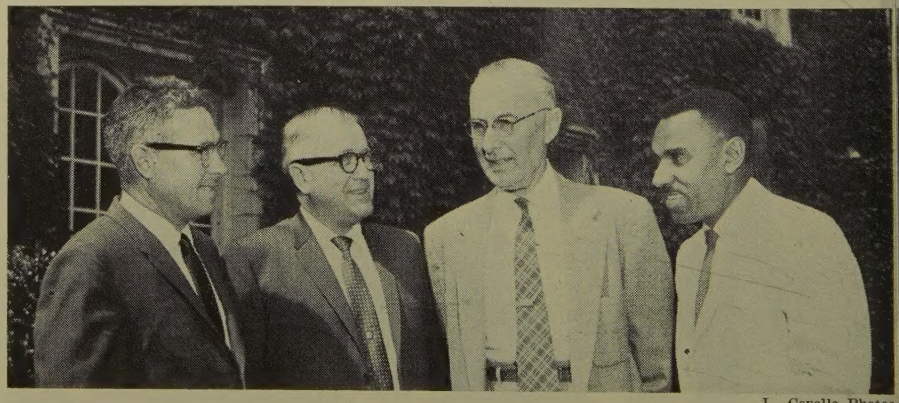
The bishop added that he was "equally distressed at part of our treasurer's report. We showed increases but the order of precedence is not very reassuring. Our biggest gain of 8.3 per cent was for ourselves—buildings, current expense, etc. The next greatest gain was in pas-

(Continued on page A-7)

The largest campaign in the history of California-Nevada Conference was voted at the annual session in June, to be conducted in the fall of 1961. The vote was 348 to 184, after more than an hour of debate in plenary session. It was specified that a major purpose of the campaign is to lead people to a more adequate concept and practice of Christian stewardship.

The $1,547,000 will be sought to help meet expansion needs for the next five years of College of the Pacific, Fred Finch Children's Home, Methodist student centers at colleges and the several conference-related campgrounds. They will share on the basis of goals of $992,000, $110,000, $200,000 and $200,000, respectively, plus campaign expenses.

COP was able to announce during the session that it had received a deed from Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymond of Knights Landing Church for 3,500 acres of Sutter County farm land estimated to be worth $1,500,000. It will form the endowment for a 250-student liberal arts college to be started in 1962 adjacent to COP and using its central facilities. This will be the first of several such schools, similar



L. Covello Photos

Representatives participating in the new conference campaign are (l. to r.) the Rev. Kenneth Miller, campgrounds; Dr. Robert E. Burns, College of Pacific president; G. Clifford Pettygrove, student centers; the Rev. Roy Nichols, Fred Finch.

o the Oxford University plan, and will e named Raymond College.

This is part of the expansion program nder which COP will become University f the Pacific next January, resuming its riginal title. The plans include proposals o purchase the adjacent Stockton College ampus of 42 acres.

The donors, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, re active in Knights Landing Church, nd he is a trustee.

Areas in which the other campaign articipants use the proceeds include:

Fred Finch—living units for younger een-age girls and for elementary school hildren, plus renovation of the gym.

Student centers—assistance to churches djacent to campuses to provide space or student work, purchase of parsonages or campus ministers, assistance in purhase of student center property where o church is adjacent to campus.

Campgrounds—dining hall, kitchen and estrooms at Skylandia, swimming pool nd bath house at Monte Toyon, living nits at White Sulphur Springs, a new mpsite in San Joaquin Valley area.

Other features of the long-range finanal program are:

Raising the proportion of church exnsion funds to the benevolence budget y 2½ per cent per year from the present to 45 per cent.

Making the World Service apportionent first priority during 1960-64.

A stewardship education campaign med at raising Methodist giving here om an average of 2¼ per cent of come to at least 5 per cent. An nendment to have only the stewardip effort without the specific fund mpaign was defeated overwhelmingly.

ev. C. F. Johannaber Dies

A retired minister and several other idely known churchmen died during ay and June, including:

The Rev. Charles F. Johannaber, 71, ed May 28 at Linden. After a quarter ntury as a missionary and college presint in China, he came to California-evada in 1952 and served El Camino d Sutter-Franklin charges before retirg in 1957.

Dr. Alexander Miller, 51, a Presbyterian inister who became Stanford University's st professor of religion, died May 15. e had spoken on the Area's *Faith of ur Fathers* broadcasts and had been atured in two series of television proams on religion.

Death came June 3 to LeRoy Boyden, ng assistant to the superintendent of ildings and grounds at College of the cific and in charge of building arrangeents each year for Annual Conference. rs. Boyden is recording secretary of the nference WSCS.

The father of the Rev. Shigeo Shimada Highland Park Church, Spokane, died ril 10 in Japan. He was the subject an article in the March issue of OGETHER by his son.

Tsurusaburo Okada, a pioneer member of West Tenth Church, Oakland, died May 7. He came to the U. S. in 1898 and was known for his help to hundreds of people.

Miss Jeanne Gansel, 22, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gansel of Modesto, died there, June 4. She had graduated this year as a nurse. A member of Centenary Church, Modesto, she was an affiliate at Temple Church, San Francisco, while in training.

Record Not Too Good

(Continued from page A-6)

tors' salaries, of 7.5 per cent, and our smallest increase was 6.4 per cent for missions, church extension and other benevolences and the episcopal and district superintendents' funds. We have not been good stewards."

	1959-60	1958-59
Members received	13,918	13,301
Total members	119,612	117,018
Baptisms	6,973	7,229
Church school members	99,276	100,124
Sunday school average attendance	45,271	45,654
Evening fellowship average attendance	8,838	7,704
Church schools	374	366
Church school members joining church	3,050	2,833
WSCS members	27,973	27,856
Methodist Men members	6,456	6,014
Value churches, equipment and land	$43,754,867	$39,986,272
Value parsonages	5,081,268	4,481,404
Value other property	4,182,750	3,418,716
Indebtedness	6,913,875	6,331,726
Paid on indebtedness	1,546,004	1,168,972
Paid for buildings and improvements	1,212,035	1,483,459
Pastors' and assistants' salaries	1,627,279	1,524,679
Paid on world service and Conf. benevolences	702,126	638,756
Paid campground fund	21,427	21,870
Paid TV ministry	9,187	9,043
General advance specials	83,221	97,312
Grand total paid by churches	9,149,870	8,474,472
Paid per member	76.50	72.42
Paid per member (not including building)	53.44	49.75

Spend Summer in Europe

California-Nevada Methodists who are spending the summer in Europe as exchange students include:

Miss Edith Somerville, until recently director of children's work at Trinity-Bakersfield, now in France.

Norman King, also of Trinity-Bakersfield, in Norway.

Phil Collins, Jr., Sanger MYF president and junior class president, in North Ireland.

Ordain 21 Ministers

As eight ministers retired this year from California-Nevada Conference, 21 were ordained or elected to ordination.

Total ministerial service of the retiring men was 303 years. With their years of service and most recent appointment, they are the Rev. James Strayer, 42, Calvary-San Jose; the Rev. Byron Hovey, 42, Five Points (on disability retirement the past year); the Rev. Charles E. Winter, 40, Linden; the Rev. Francis R. Johnston, 39, Caruthers and Laton, (disability); the Rev. Leslie O. Dabritz, 38, Portola; the Rev. Ralph E. West, 38, Pittsburg; the Rev. George D. Greer, 35, First-Redwood City; the Rev. Justin P. Follette, 29, Goodwill Industries-Oakland.

Ordained as elders and received into full Conference membership were A. Jerome Carter, Jr., Fremont; Howard G. Chapin, Lincoln; John E. Corson, El Camino; Oscar E. Escamilla, Byron; Hugh F. Hardin, Jr., Morgan Hill; Donald A. Nelson, Kernville, and Charles A. Woodworth, Willits.

Ordained as deacons were Charles F. Cordes, San Mateo; John H. Emerson, San Jose; William F. Nietmann, Stockton; Stanley L. Simpson, Tracy; Donald W. Wells, Oakland; James H. Jones, Princeton; William N. Wingstrom, St. Helena; Lawrence R. Curtis, San Francisco; Dorothy Gleason, Daly City. Elected deacons for later ordination were James E. Alexander, John Wesley Brown and Charles O. Krahenbuhl, all of Stockton, George R. Larsen of Grass Valley.

Beverly Alexander Maurer of Chester and Arthur V. Shearer of Epworth-Berkeley were consecrated as certified ministers of music. Kathryn S. McCain of Carlmont will be so consecrated later. Charles Stanley of Burlingame will be consecrated later as a certified director of Christian education.

Conference Resolutions Cover Various Subjects

Resolutions and recommendations adopted by California-Nevada Conference in June included these:

That churches in communities with Japanese churches plan joint meetings for information exchange and for exploration of co-operative work.

That Congress be urged to open immigration to more homeless refugees and to consider the total U. S. immigration policy. (At least 52 Conference churches sponsored refugees last year.)

That "responsible and considerate driving is a Christian concern" and favoring "a more realistic program for traffic safety" including legislation establishing a .5 per cent blood alcohol content as presumptive evidence of intoxication, strengthened highway patrol, more severe penalties for speeding and reckless or drunken driving.

That California and Nevada should abolish the death penalty.

That churches co-operate in brotherhood programs adopted by the General Conference to help integration and abolish the Central Jurisdiction.

That Dr. Willard Uphaus of New Haven, Conn., is "being unnecessarily held in custody in violation of basic freedoms."

That the climate in the field of civil liberties "has markedly improved" except for unethical practices in harassment of individuals.

That "nondisloyalty" oaths for public employes, candidates and scholarship applicants should be repealed.

That, because of unethical practices, the House Unamerican Activities Committee and the Senate Sub-Committee on

Internal Security should be eliminated, and that investigation of subversion should be limited to agencies such as the attorney general and the FBI.

That the Secretary of the Air Force be commended for prompt withdrawal of the manual linking Protestant churchmen and the National Council of Churches with Communism.

That "we rejoice at the commendation" given Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State by the General Conference.

That Christian farm owners and managers be commended for their concern of dealing fairly with seasonal workers despite highly competitive conditions.

That publishing of lists of signers of open housing covenants be commended.

That the lunch counter sit-in demonstrations be commended as efforts to achieve racial justice.

That members of this session "recognize the Communist menace to be one of the evils of the world. In opposition to this threat, we are called to take positive action affirming that Jesus Christ is Lord of all."

That the U. S. be urged to support the U.N. goal of "universal, thorough disarmament," including nonresumption of nuclear weapons tests, destruction of stockpiles of all weapons, international inspection and control, planning to minimize economic dislocation resulting from disarmament, launching of a co-operative program to aid needy peoples and underdeveloped nations.

That the United Nations should have universal membership so that every nation would be "subjected to the disciplines of as well as enjoy the benefits of membership in a community of nations."

That satellite nations have the right to self-determination of their futures.

That all anti-Semitic acts of desecration and violence be deplored.

That the U. S. expand world trade and aid.

That the U. S. give "assistance in disseminating birth control information to nations which request."

That the U. S. lead the way in removing restrictions which impair effectiveness of the International Court of Justice.

Wedding Anniversaries

Sixty-fifth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Carscallen of First Church, Redwood City, was observed May 15.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Baumgardner celebrated their 53rd anniversary at Los Gatos.

Golden wedding anniversaries have been celebrated recently by Mr. and Mrs. Takamine of California Street-Denver, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Howard of Earlimart, Mr. and Mrs. Masataro Umeda of Florin, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Shelley of Linden, Japanese, Mr. and Mrs. Hisanoshin Takagishi of Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Russell McComas of Lovelock, Mr. and Mrs. James Dodge of First-Redwood City, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Roberts of Wesley-Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. S. Shigenaka and Mr. and Mrs. N. Kawaguchi of Christ-Santa Maria, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smeaton of First-Selma.

When We Were Younger

Taken from the files of Streamlines-Messenger *and The Christian Advocate Supplement, these items recall what was happening in San Francisco Area five, ten and twenty years ago this month.*

AUGUST, 1940

Paul Peterson of Porterville was elected chairman of the Family Institute at Camp Sierra.

AUGUST, 1950

The new building of Taylor Church, Oakland, was completed.

Bishop and Mrs. Tippett departed for Southeast Asia on their first overseas episcopal visitation.

AUGUST, 1955

Three seminarians from the Conference participated in the summer 70-Evangelists program.

First Church, Sunnyvale, occupied its first building on a new site.

Camp Open House Popular

More than 1,000 persons visited and enjoyed three Methodist campgrounds on Memorial Day, and California-Nevada Methodist Camps, Inc., launched plans to make the open house an annual affair.

At White Sulphur Springs, some 600 picnicked, sang under direction of Edward Stallings of Taylor-Oakland, saw slid and had explanation of the other Confe ence camps. Mrs. Frank Webber of Mi Valley heads the camp committee.

Skylandia, under direction of Robe Wray of Kings Beach, provided picni and swimming in Lake Tahoe, for som 200.

Another 200 at Monte Toyon saw plan for the new assembly building and ha conducted tours, in charge of Mauric H. Sumner of Temple Church, Sa Francisco.

By mid-June, some 1,100 persons ha registered for this summer's camps, o of an expected total of 2,300.

This is the new look for California-Nevada Conference, following creation of th eighth district, called Golden Gate. Some other minor adjustments were made

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

SINCE OUR COVERS have a way of speaking for themselves, we customarily reserve comment to a brief paragraph at the end of the column. But this month's choice tempts us to let ourselves go and rave about what a picture like this does to us on a day like this. It's one of those sweltering afternoons when leaves droop in humid calm and thunderheads frown down without stirring a breeze. So we'd like to give **Mr. G. Dixon** of Mount Vernon, Wash., top billing for the soothing, cooling effect of **this month's cover.** What could be more appealing, now that summer is building up and vacation days are at hand, than a photograph of two mountain climbers—on Colman glacier atop Mount Baker—attacking what appears to be a wall of vanilla ice cream?

While mountain climbing isn't among our vacation plans (homemade ice cream is), we found—as you may find—a travel hint or two in this month's superb eight-page color pictorial, which was directed and produced by TOGETHER readers from all over the country. It's the fourth reader-participation pictorial since the magazine first appeared in October, 1956; another is scheduled for next year on the theme, *Methodist Americana*. This year's vacation time, no doubt, is finding hundreds of Methodists on the lookout for color shots that tell some facet of our church's glorious heritage in this country. For further details, turn to page 36.

Speaking of vacations, here's a fresh perspective: "Vacations are fine things precisely because they are limited. They are bound on both sides by work; without those boundaries they would become vast wastelands of despair." Browsing, we found it in *The Parables* (Harper, $3.50), a new book by our favorite browser, Bishop Gerald Kennedy.

Norman Cousins, editor of *Saturday Review*, first told us about the Maidens in the first issue of TOGETHER [*The Hiroshima Maidens Go Home*, October, 1956, page 30]. That was three years after he and Mrs. Cousins met the girls at the Methodist church in Hiroshima and heard firsthand their heart-rending story. It was Mr. Cousins who helped promote their trip to America for surgery and hospital care. Now, on page 14, exactly 15 years after the A-bomb fell, he brings their story up to date.

Author, teacher, and lecturer—that's **Mrs. Edna Walker Chandler** who wrote *Push the Fledglings Out*, this month's *Together in the Home* feature on page 32. But first of all she is a mother who has reared five children of her own, and knows whereof she speaks. In addition to her household duties, Mrs. Chandler has written many children's books including a cowboy and Indian series.

—YOUR EDITORS

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Together 740 N. RUSH STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS
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SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

Letters

Matthew 7:15-20—Still Timely

RICHARD C. JOHNSON, *Pastor*
Waldorf, Md.

Jerome D. Frank's views in *Disarmament: The Imperative of Our Time* [May, page 32] are quite similar to those of the isolationists back in 1938. In those days, some of them claimed that our stereotypes of Hitler and the Nazis as enemies were unwarranted—that if we would trust Hitler and disarm, it would be a step toward peace in our time. History showed, however, the fallaciousness of this "moral relativism" approach. And Matthew 7:15-20 is just as true today concerning totalitarianism as it was in 1938.

Beat Bombs Into Plowshares

MRS. CHARLES CURPHEY
Portland, Ore.

Disarmament: The Imperative of Our Time was wonderful! It is high time Christian Americans gave more thought to this subject. We cannot, with good conscience, contribute pennies through our churches for mission work while allowing large portions of our income to be taxed away for destructive purposes.

If we would start disarmament by converting one large munitions factory to produce farm machinery for India, for instance, we could dare the Russians to do the same, thus starting a *dis*armament race. With our advertising know-how, we could spread the knowledge of our plan around the world and Russia would look very suspicious to all nations if she failed to join in this race.

Please, No Psychiatrists!

MR. RALPH ROBERTS
Schweinfurt am Main, Germany

Jerome D. Frank's statement in *Disarmament: The Imperative of Our Time* showed a definite ignorance of the plain, down-to-earth facts which are so real to us who live in the middle of the present world crises. His proposal of giving ground to antireligious Communists on the principle of "the essential brotherhood of man" demonstrates fine psychological thinking. However, this line of thinking in world diplomacy demonstrates a lack of common sense. Anyone who has traveled in a Communist satellite knows this to be true.

To say that I have enjoyed your magazine would be an understatement, but please leave political articles to politicians and not to psychiatrists.

Drat That Blue Hat!

MRS. E. H. ANDERSON
Mesa, Ariz.

Why did you stuff a child's blue hat in front of that magnificent stained-glass window of Jesus in the Garden [April cover]?

I had a tiny frame and would have loved to cut out the gorgeous window and frame it, but the whole is wrecked by the blue hat.

Could you reproduce this same window on an entire page in a future issue? Those cobalt blues carry me right into paradise. What an artist!

Sorry—it's too late to remove the girl's hat from the photograph.—EDS.

She's a 'Long-Time Methodist'

MARGUERITE STITT CHURCH
Congresswoman, 13th Illinois Dist.
Washington, D.C.

As a long-time Methodist, whose first acquaintanceship with Methodist publications came through the weekly arrival of the long-honored *Christian Advocate*, it means much to me to have the factual statement, *Where Machines Mine Coal* [May, page 14], telling what The Methodist Church is doing in West Virginia.

Re: Deaconess at Amherstdale

RUTH I. POPE, *Assoc. Secy.*
Board of Missions
New York, N.Y.

We on the staff of the department of work in home fields express our appreciation to you for the interesting manner in which you presented Methodist work in West Virginia. We especially appreciate your reference to work of the Wesley House at Amherstdale and the picture of the deaconess there working with the Girl Scout troop.

'Critical Economic Situation'

BUFORD ELLINGTON, *Governor*
Nashville, Tenn.

A great deal of public attention is being turned to the critical economic situation in the area covered by your article, *Where Machines Mine Coal.* It is encouraging to see the religious press also examine the situation.

Please accept my appreciation not only for the magazine but for the effort TOGETHER has made to bring this situation to public attention. We have taken and read the magazine in my home for some time and have enjoyed it very much.

38 Letters @ 70 Cents Each

LOURDES L. DAVID
Manila, Philippines

I would like to show you my deepest appreciation in publishing my name in your pen-pal column [*Name Your Hobby*, March, page 72]. I was not able to write you immediately due to so many letters to answer. I hope those who have written to me and I haven't answered yet don't get mad. I thought I would only receive about 10 or 12 letters, but to my surprise it has reached the number of 38. Another reason why I can't answer them much earlier is because each airmail cost me 70¢ [Filipino money—or 35¢ U.S.].

Deaf Know Real Loneliness

MRS. EDWARD O. RYE
Morrill, Nebr.

I appreciated the important message in *Ministry to the Deaf* [March, page 62]. I wish that more of us "hearing" folks could communicate with the deaf people—not only to help them broaden their horizon, but because they have something to contribute to the world!

I was in a hospital recently and heard a lady sigh and remark: "I was so glad to be moved from the room I was in. The patient in the other room with me was deaf and I got so lonely." My heart went out to the deaf patient, who must have known what *real* loneliness meant!

Jed Smith Writes Home

REGINALD R. STUART, *Secretary*
Jedediah Smith Society
College of Pacific, Stockton, Calif.

It is good to see that Donald Culross Peattie's article, *Jedediah Smith, Trail-maker Extraordinary* [June, page 31] bears tribute to Diah not only as a frontiersman, explorer, and hero, but as a religious man. Here is a transcript of a letter we have that attests his religious fervor.

Wind River, East Side of the Rocky Mountains,
December 24, 1829.

Dear Father and Mother
Your unworthy son once more undertakes to address his mutch slighted parents——

I have several times written, but have received no answer from any of you, since I left home, with the exception, of Austin and Peter, they state that our parents now reside in Erie County, Pennsylvania, and a few other particulars with regard to the family, but it would give me great satisfaction to hear more fully——it is a long time since I left home and many times I have been ready, to bring my business to a close to endeavor to come home; but have been hindered hitherto——as our business is at present, it would be the height of impolicy to set

"Because I was nervous and irritable, my doctor started me on Postum!"

"You know how it is when you're nervous—the slightest thing makes you drop whatever you're holding. Well, *that* made me even more nervous and irritable than I was.

"The family finally got me to the doctor. He said maybe I'd been drinking too much coffee. Apparently, the caffein in coffee upsets some people sometimes. He suggested I try drinking Postum because it's 100% caffein-free, can't make you nervous—or keep you awake at night.

"I followed his advice and, you know, the doctor was right. But one thing he forgot to tell me: just how good Postum is! Why don't you try Postum—you'll be steady enough to thread a needle, too!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free

A product of General Foods

a time to come home, however I will endeavor by the assistance of Divine Providence, to come home as soon as possible. The greatest pleasure I could enjoy would be to accompany, or be in company with my friends, but whether I shall ever be allowed the privilege, God only knows. I feell the need of the work and care of a Christian Church—you may well suppose that our society is of the roughest kind. Men of good morals seldom enter into business of this kind——I hope you will remember me before a throne of grace——perhaps you may think it strange that I do not give you some particulars with regard to what is passing in this country but for this, it is perhaps better that we wait a meeting. . . .

May God of his infinite mercy allow me soon to join my parents, is the prayer of your undutiful

Son

Jedediah S. Smith

Diah Smith was a follower of John Wesley—and a man whom Americans of all creeds may properly honor.

Diah Wasn't a Mormon

THERON H. LUKE
Provo, Utah

As city editor of the Provo *Daily Herald,* I especially enjoyed your article, *Jedediah Smith, Trailmaker Extraordinary.*

For several years, early Utah and Mormon history has been a rather intensive hobby of mine. Jedediah Smith has always appealed to me as a character, aside from the historic importance of the early trails he cut through Utah. He is little known in this state and among the Mormon people, but I fear most of those who merely hear his name think that with a moniker like Jedediah Smith he was probably an early Mormon. It is a misapprehension I continually correct.

Sins: Catholic Doctrine

FRANCIS J. CONNELL, *Dean*
Catholic University of America
Washington, D.C.

Your Faith and Your Church [February, page 46] states that mortal sins are those which cannot be pardoned, and venial sins those which can be forgiven. But the Roman Catholic Church teaches that all sins, however grave, can be forgiven in the present life, when the sinner really repents.

The real distinction is this: Venial sins do not deprive the soul of God's friendship or sanctifying grace. Hence, a person who dies with only venial sins upon his soul would be saved. But the mortal sins deprive the soul of sanctifying grace, so that if a person dies with even one mortal sin upon his soul he will be condemned to hell.

Thank You, Rachel Carson!

EMELDA KUNAU
Ames, Iowa

I clipped Rachel Carson's *Help Your Child to Wonder* [June, page 24] from *Woman's Home Companion* back in 1956, and have used it as a reference at conservation camps, camping workshops, and 4-H leader training sessions until it is almost worn out. It has been extremely useful for giving background and inspiration to leaders carrying out one of the objectives of our 4-H home-furnishings project: ". . . To develop greater awareness of surroundings, beauty in nature, man-made art, etc." How helpful to have the article reprinted as TOGETHER's *Reader's Choice!*

Bishops Under Forty

FRED H. PEEPLES, *Assoc. Chaplain*
Methodist Hospital
Memphis, Tenn.

Again the statement is made in our church magazine [June, page 15] that Bishop Gerald Kennedy was the youngest man ever to be elevated to the episcopacy.

All honor to Bishop Kennedy, for we all rejoice in his wonderful service to the church, but I give you herewith facts as they appear in the 1940-41 General Year Book of The Methodist Church:

"Bishop Charles Betts Galloway born September 1, 1849; consecrated bishop at the General Conference of the M.E. Church, South, in May of 1886; 36 years old.

"Bishop Eugene R. Hendrix, born May 17, 1847, consecrated bishop at the same General Conference in 1886, age 39."

Also I find that Bishops Coke, Asbury, Roberts, and J. O. Andrew were all consecrated while under 40. I am sure, however, that Bishop Kennedy was the youngest to be elevated of the living bishops.

Correction noted. And thank you, Dr. Peeples!—EDS.

Re: Church & State Separation

In June, TOGETHER *carried* Why We Believe Church and State Must Be Separate *(page 14) by Gerald Kennedy, bishop of the Los Angeles Area of The Methodist Church and president of its Council of Bishops. To it Michael Thrasher, of Belmont, N.Y., takes exception. Identifying himself as "a Catholic and living with a Methodist family while attending college" as a history and political science major, he writes:*

Starting with his title, Bishop Kennedy would seem to imply that the Protestants are alone capable of believing in such a great American tradition. . . . Rome has always recognized the principle of separation of Church and State in the U.S. . . .

Bishop Kennedy says that public schools provide a living experience in democracy by combining "the rich and poor, the white and colored, the executive's son and the janitor's boy." He would have us believe that parochial schools do just the opposite. May I point out that although parochial schools are restricted to the denomination which supports them, there are not any restrictions as to social status or race. Are the public schools in the U.S. really free from racial and social prejudices and biases? . . .

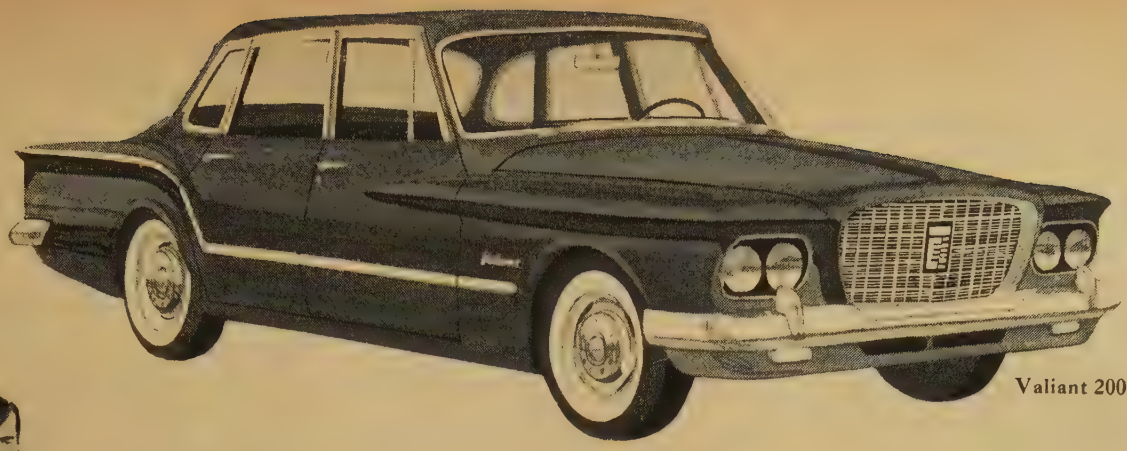
Bishop Kennedy now reaches the main point of his article. Now that a Catholic is a presidential candidate, with his belief that his is the "true" religion interfere with the proper administration of his office? I would think that anyone who professes to a faith would think that his is the "true" faith. Here again Bishop Kennedy fails to provide an answer—instead, he poses many questions. All are in way of suggesting a predetermined answer to his readers. He wonders, for example, "Are Spain and Peru examples of official Catholicism?" and goes on to ask several more similar questions on Catholic church-and-state combinations in other countries. Of course, the answer he expects to be forthcoming is that if this is so in other countries, it will be so in the U.S. But there is no reference to the Protestant churches in Europe which combined Church and State . . . did the Lutherans and the Anglicans. And there is never any thought of the problem if a Lutheran or Anglican might become president. . . .

His failure to substantiate claims belies his article's title. For he has not given the "whys" and why it should be the exclusive heritage of the American Protestants to believe in separation of Church and State. If he had, he would find out that American Catholics also cherish this American tradition, and that any Catholic president could not be bound by the church to do anything that would undo this precious heritage of all of us Americans.

A copy of Mr. Thrasher's letter was sent to Bishop Kennedy, who responds:

Your assumption that I assumed that only Protestants believe in separation of Church and State is entirely unwarranted. There are some Catholics who believe in it as strongly as I do, but the official position of the Catholic Church is not in favor of it. All you have to do is consult your priest or to read the official position of the Catholic Church on this matter. Officially, your church still insists that the State must be under the Church.

In any number of communities across this country, there has been pressure against the public school which nearly always stems from those who support a parochial school. If you would write to POAU at 1633 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington 6, D.C., you will find chapter and verse for any number of instances where Catholics have tried



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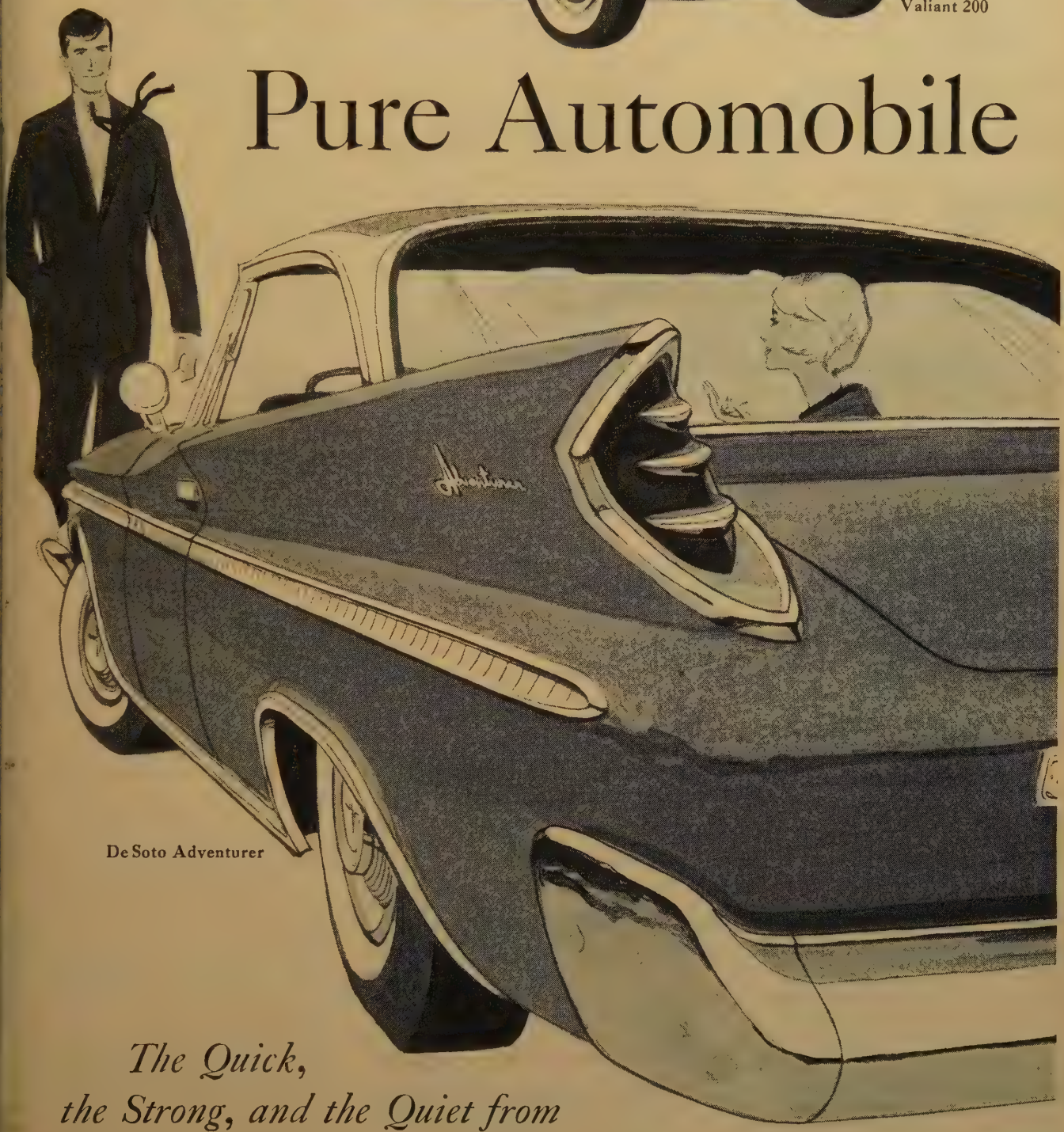

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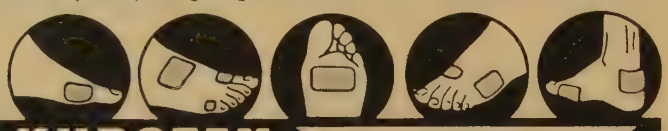

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to take over public schools and pu in their own teachers.

Pressure was put upon the State De partment to refuse passports to Prot estant missionaries to other countrie which happen to have Catholic majori ties.

Where does the great drive for a official ambassador to the Vatican com from, anyway?

You missed my point regarding th public schools. I feel it is most importan we should not be divided up accordin to our religion. . . .

Of course, every man believes tha his faith is true. It is only the Catholi Church which insists that all othe faiths are not true. It is this insistence which would put a Catholic presiden in a very different position from an other Christian.

I am sure you are not trying t suggest that the doctrine of the separa tion of Church and State is a Catholi doctrine. I wish you would point ou one single country where Catholicism is the religion of the majority tha maintains the separation of Church an State. Of course it is a Protestan doctrine.

I appreciate your taking the time t write, and I have no desire to argu against any man's religion. I think it i important, however, that the issue should be clearly stated. Let me say t you that if your church would state as openly as you have stated that i believes in the separation of Church and State and in the freedom of al religions, there would be no problem whatsoever.

'Lump in My Throat . . .'

MRS. ANNA-MODINE MORAN
Vincennes, Ind.

The pictorial presentation of the *23rd Psalm* [May, page 37] raised a lump in my throat and brought tears to my eyes straining to see through their dimness. Your illustrator, Floyd A. Johnson, is a genius. His pictures and colors speak to my senses more clearly than audible language.

I am so very thankful for the many wonderful things God has done for me during my long life. I have a home, an adequate income, many loyal friends, and a few loving and beloved relatives. God is my Father, Jesus is my Brother; the Holy Spirit is my Guide; so I consider myself rich in the things of value and importance.

Sorry that this personal note has to be typed, but that is the only way I can write now, and I do not need sight for typing. It is enough to sign my name by hand.

Many readers will remember Mrs. Moran's paean of triumph—her Personal Testimony [I've Seen Miracles, *May, page 13] in which she revealed that soon her sight will totally fail.*—Eds.

Together / NEWSLETTER

NAME NEW BISHOPS. Sixteen, possibly more, new Methodist bishops are being elected this year at the six Jurisdictional Conferences. At press time, reports had been received from only two. They were:

South Central—Elected five Bishops and created two new episcopal areas. Elevated to the episcopacy were Dr. Eugene Slater, 53, pastor of Polk Street Church, Amarillo, Tex., assigned to the Kansas Area to succeed Bishop Dana Dawson, retired; Dr. W. Kenneth Pope, 58, pastor of First Church, Houston, Tex., assigned to the Arkansas Area to succeed Bishop Paul E. Martin, who moves to the Houston Area succeeding Bishop A. Frank Smith, retired; Dr. Paul V. Galloway, 56, pastor of Boston Avenue Church, Tulsa, Okla., assigned to the new San Antonio-Northwest Texas Area; Dr. Aubrey G. Walton, 59, pastor of First Church, Little Rock, Ark., assigned to the new Louisiana Area, and Dr. Kenneth W. Copeland, 48, pastor of Travis Park Church, San Antonio, Tex., assigned to the Nebraska Area to succeed the late Bishop H. Bascom Watts and Bishop Ivan Lee Holt, who has served the Area in the interim. The Jurisdiction reassigned Bishop William C. Martin to the Dallas-Fort Worth Area, Bishop Eugene Frank to the Missouri Area, and Bishop W. Angie Smith to the Oklahoma-New Mexico Area.

Northeastern—Named four bishops and created a seventh episcopal area for the Jurisdiction. Elected bishops were Dr. Fred G. Holloway, 62, Drew University president, assigned to the newly created West Virginia Area; Dr. W. Vernon Middleton, 57, general secretary of the Division of National Missions of the Board of Missions, assigned to the Western Pennsylvania Area (formerly the Pittsburgh Area) succeeding Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke, now transferred to the New York Area to replace Bishop Frederick B. Newell, retired; Dr. W. Ralph Ward, Jr., 51, pastor of Mount Lebanon Church, Pittsburgh, assigned to the Syracuse Area to succeed Bishop W. Earl Ledden, retired, and Dr. James K. Mathews, 47, associate general secretary of the Division of World Missions of the Board of Missions, assigned to the Boston Area to succeed Bishop John Wesley Lord, who moves to the Washington Area to succeed Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, retired. Bishop Fred P. Corson was reassigned to the Philadelphia Area, and Bishop Newell S. Booth to Elisabethville, Republic of the Congo.

(*More church news on page 67*)

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God Walks Beside Me

By ROBERT M. FOOTE
Psychiatrist and Surgeon

MY STORY BEGINS on a languid spring day in April, 1947, when I was senior resident in surgery at the U.S. Marine Hospital, New Orleans. In nearby Texas City, Tex., though, things were not so tranquil. A French freighter, loaded with nitrate, exploded, taking with it much of the city and the lives of hundreds of persons, and leaving many more suffering, maimed, and dying. I flew into the devastated city as head of a medical team—three surgeons, 10 nurses, and a laboratory technician—mustered on a moment's notice.

We started work immediately and continued four days and three nights without pause, except for food. After that, rest came as circumstances permitted our team to alternate with similar groups. It was during one of these brief pauses that I became aware of an abdominal pain and other symptoms of appendicitis.

Our emergency operating rooms were contaminated by gas gangrene, precluding any clean elective surgery, and I knew that if I shared my discovery with anyone else I would be returned to New Orleans. A powerful restraining force would not let me go; I felt the assurance that if I exercised judicious caution, God would take care of my symptoms. Not even in war had I seen such devastation. I was needed. I had to stay.

My trust in God was not misplaced; not until I was safely back in New Orleans did the symptoms recur. But then an examination not only confirmed appendicitis but also revealed the presence of an unsuspected tumorous growth. By its nature and location I knew it must be malignant. Immediate surgery was the only rational decision, and it was performed.

Until microscopic studies were completed, my associates tried to be cheerful. However, I knew I had cancer and the prospects were far from favorable. My convalescence included three months of daily X-ray therapy, with its attendant discomforts and wasting. I continued my work, as much to occupy my own mind as to be of service to others, but on my lips constantly were the words of the 23rd Psalm:

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want . . . Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil; for thou art with me . . ."

Through those trying days, a new relationship with God was crystallized. Without the certainty of life tomorrow, I learned to give the fullest extent of my strength to each day. Understanding became my stethoscope. The 13th chapter of Paul's first message to the Corinthians became my bandage roll, the seventh chapter of Matthew my adhesive tape. Fervently, I learned what it means to earnestly pray, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord."

I cannot fully explain why God continued my life. But I am content there is divine purpose in the work that is mine to do. I try constantly to walk in the footsteps of Lucanus, the Greek physician better known as St. Luke, and to share his tender compassion for men and their torments, realizing that all men are divinely created with respect and dignity as birthrights. And I search, even as Luke searched, to find the insight to fulfill, with all the creative power within me, the purpose for which God gave me breath.

To St. Luke, medicine was a ministry; so also with me. It is a rare joy to walk hand in hand with God in the care of his most precious creation—man himself.

From Japan comes this heart-warming report on 23 girls whose sorrow has turned to joy

The Hiroshima Maidens —15 Years Later

By NORMAN COUSINS
Editor, Saturday Review

SEVEN YEARS AGO, in the Hiroshima Methodist Church of the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto, we saw the Hiroshima Maidens for the first time. They were a heartbreaking sight. With fingers twisted and faces scarred, they were embarrassed to be seen in public. All hopes of leading normal lives were gone; they lacked even the courage to return to school or venture into the streets.*

Mr. Tanimoto, persuading them to meet in his church, had given them their only social contact. He had provided them with solace, companionship, and spiritual guidance. But he was distressed; more was needed to rehabilitate them, and he saw no way of meeting that need.

He told us of his dream to send them to the U.S. for reconstructive and plastic surgery—a dream which soon became reality.

It was after this one-year treatment that, in November of 1956, the Hiroshima Maidens had returned to Japan—all except Shigeko Niimoto and Toyoko Minowa, who decided to remain in this country to study nursing and fashion design, respectively, and Mitsuko Kuramoto, who was married in California.

When we escorted the Maidens back to Hiroshima at that time, they were elated to see their families and proud of the improvement in their appearances. But we wondered how they would adapt when the first joy of their home-coming had worn off. Some of us feared that their stay in this land of plenty might spoil them for the simple life back home. We were not sure they could sustain their courage among old surroundings and situations.

Since then, a steady flow of correspondence had continued between the girls and their American host families, but the Maidens never wrote of anything worrisome. The only way to find out how they were faring was to visit them. Accordingly, six American "hostesses" recently journeyed to Hiroshima, talking to each girl and her family. Here is what we learned:

Before they came to the U.S. for treatment, the girls had given up hopes of marrying. Now, however, eight have husbands. These couples' ninth baby—each a normal, healthy youngster—was born just before we arrived.

The girls, seeming almost more poised and self-confident than young women without their handicaps, are leading active, useful lives, facing with courage and assurance whatever life brings them.

Their psychological rehabilitation was due to several factors. First, of course, was the surgery. It enabled Terue Takeda, for example, to close her eyelids for the first time in 10 years. Hideko Sumimura could bend her stiffened leg so she could sit on her feet, as Japanese ladies must, and be married in the traditional manner. Michiyo Zomen could straighten her right arm, permitting her to learn typing and get a job in a prefectural office. Surgery also gave back to several girls the use of their hands, which had been distorted by contracting scar tissue.

When Dr. Arthur J. Barsky originally went to Japan to examine the girls, he explained that plastic surgery could never restore their normal appearance. Yet the operations improved almost all of them—and won for Dr. Barsky and his surgical associates, Dr. Bernard Simon and Dr. Sidney Kahn, and for Dr. William Hitzig, the medical director, the girls' boundless gratitude.

In the U.S., the girls had availed themselves of every opportunity for education. Between operations, several went to high school, five learned typing, two Braille, two jewelry making, two painting, four dressmaking, two hairdressing, three piano, one fashion design, and one nursing. All learned English and home nursing. By their tactful courtesy, humor, and adaptability they won the hearts of their American

HAPPY SEQUEL TO HIROSHIMA

The distinguished editor of *Saturday Review*, one of the first Americans to publicize the plight of the Hiroshima Maidens [see his *The Hiroshima Maidens Go Home*, October, 1956, page 30], now brings *Together* readers up to date on the moving story of these victims of the first atomic attack. Thanks to surgery they received and skills they learned in the U.S., he reveals, the girls now lead happy, useful lives. And the example they've set has been an inspiration to others—on both sides of the Pacific.—EDS.

* For further discussion of A-bomb problems, see *Ban Big-Scale Atomic Bomb Tests?* [November, 1956, page 16] and *Why Did I Survive the Atom Bomb?* [August, 1957, page 10].

Toyoko Minowa, a fashion designer, won rave notices in Tokyo last fall after showing her creations in the Imperial Hotel. That's her in the plaid dress.

friends. One host wrote of them: "It is not what we have done for them but what they have done for us. They came to this country to be mended of the outward scars . . . and in coming they healed in many of us the inward scars and wounds of our own selves."

During their stay in America, the girls blossomed in an atmosphere of acceptance and affection. In Japan, remember, it is considered a disgrace to be wounded or maimed; the Maidens previously had hidden their faces, some with masks. But in the U.S. they found that even strangers took a kindly interest in them, so they felt encouraged to meet people and to go about in public. We had hoped the knowledge that their American friends still cared would give them the strength to meet difficult situations back home—but we were surprised to see how our hopes had been exceeded.

We were met by a group of joyful, poised, attractive Maidens. Scars still showed on some faces but, as one girl said, "It doesn't matter that I still have a scar outside. I have none inside."

Now one notices not the scars but the bright eyes, the irresistible smiles, the jaunty gaits, the happy faces. Hiroko Tasaka, who had worn a mask on the street before her U.S. stay, now was as gay as anyone at the airport. Gone was the haunting look of grief she had worn when the Maidens arrived in New York in 1955.

All the girls have lost their discomfort at being seen in public. Self-confident and assured, they were overjoyed to see their friends from abroad and eager to return the Americans' hospitality. The eight girls in Tokyo had special reasons to be proud of being able to entertain, for they were living on their own.

Toyoko Minowa, who had studied fashion design at Parsons School in New York City, made this independence possible. After being graduated as one of three honor students (she had a full scholarship for the three-year course and another for the five-month European study trip) she returned to Japan to establish a custom dressmaking business. She brought to Tokyo four Maidens who had meanwhile been learning dressmaking. Now they live and work together.

Two of the girls, Masako Wada and Keiko Kawasaki, who learned Braille and brought five Braille typewriters back to the Blind Children's Home in Hiroshima, are studying to work with the blind and live in the Tokyo house. Misako Kannabe, teaching in the hairdressing school

Hideko Sumimura, one of eight Hiroshima Maidens who married, was able to sit on her feet—as Japanese custom requires at the marriage ceremony—after surgery in the U.S.

from which she was graduated last year, lives nearby. Last summer, Tadako Emori, Hiroko Tasaka, Ruriko Fumatsu, and Sachiko Kawamoto helped Toyoko make the clothes she had designed.

In the fall, a successful fashion show introduced their dressmaking business, "Toyo, Haute Couture" to Tokyo. The first fashion show ever held in the Imperial Hotel, it was attended by such a large audience and so well reviewed in the press that it brought an immediate—and increasing—stream of customers. *The New York Times* reported: "Experienced fashion observers gave high praise to Miss Minowa's styling of daytime and evening clothes in both Japanese and imported fabrics. One of these declared that the 'Hiroshima Maiden' surpassed current collections from Paris in the smartness of her designs."

Recently, Toyoko wrote: "Now we are very very busy so we are very happy. We have about 20 dress orders which have to be done in one week and one customer wants to order six dresses for next week. Is not it exciting? It is very good news for us."

When we moved on to Hiroshima, we were overwhelmed by the reception. The Maidens were waiting on the train platform, as were many parents—and several husbands. Also on hand were the Japanese doctors who had accompanied the girls to the U.S. Into the arms of each American was thrust a beautiful baby. Traditional Japanese reticence vanished in embraces and tears of joy. News reporters on the scene took special note of the unprecedented lack of restraint at the reunion. Then followed a round of parties with the girls and their families, calls on and from the mayor, and visits to the girls' homes and places of work. Everything we saw attested to the Maidens' successful adjustment.

The husbands of the eight girls now married are fortunate—and they know it. There could be no better wives. Several other girls expect to marry before long. Yoshie Harada, the first to marry, now has two healthy children, as does Hideko Sumimura. Suzue Oshima is maintaining her "Darien Beauty Shop" as well as keeping house for her husband and 18-month-old daughter.

Suzue learned hairdressing while she lived in Connecticut. Framed on the wall of her shop is a letter from the mayor of Darien, thanking her for the spirit she brought to that town. Suzue married the young man who painted her signs. Atsuko Yamamoto, who worked as a bilingual phone operator at a hotel after her return, married a co-worker and has a baby daughter. Michiko Sako's week-old daughter was the newest arrival. Mitsuko Kuramoto, who married a nisei, is bringing up her two children in California.

Employers were profuse in their praise of the Maidens. Michiko Yamaoka and Emiko Takemoto, who were graduated last year from dressmaking schools in Hiroshima, are successfully teaching in these schools. Both were sent to the Tokyo fashion show as school representatives. Michiyo Zomen and Takako Harada are happy in clerical jobs in prefectural offices.

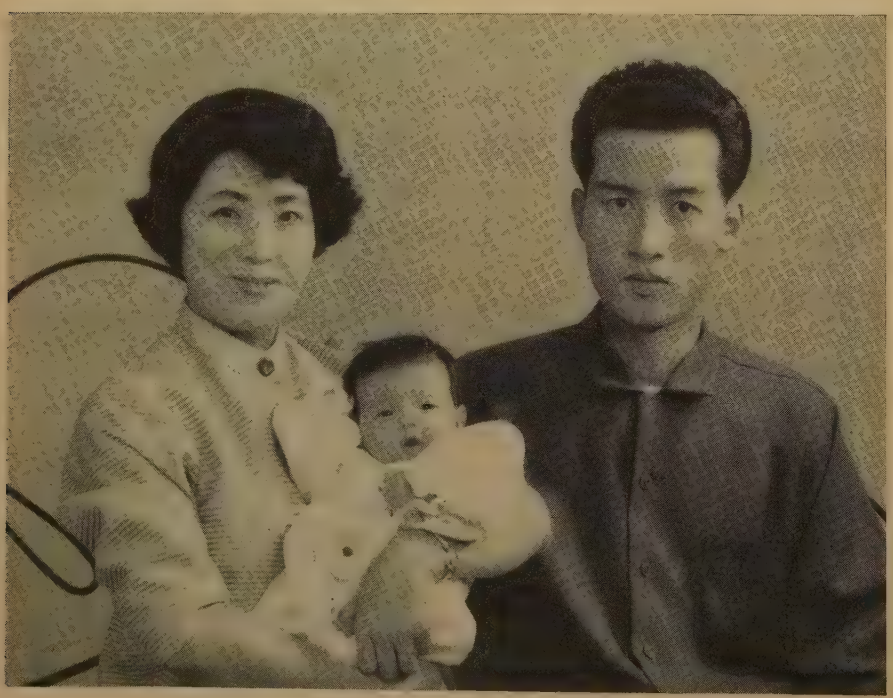
Yoshie Enokawa and Chieko Kimura have started their own business, selling yarn and knitting sweaters, some of which are being sold at "Toyo, Haute Couture" in Tokyo. Chieko now is the sole support of her paralyzed mother.

Tazuko Shibata works for a manufacturer who extolled her dependability and the affection she inspires among other girls. In the evening, Tazuko brought a young engineer from the company to ask for American approval of him as a suitor. Motoko Yamashita helps her mother and sister in their fishing-gear shop. And Soyoko Komatsu, youngest in the group, has finished high school and now works in a department-store office.

Not one of the girls has returned to seclusion. All are standing on their own feet. But there are two who will always be missed: Tomoko Nakabayashi, who died after surgery in New York, and Hideko Hirata, who lost her life to cancer following her return home. On the anniversary of Hideko's death, her younger sister writes to the Americans who loved her.

A faithful member of Mr. Tanimoto's church, Hideko lived her religion. Quiet, gentle, with unusual strength of character, she had been president of the group. Before her final illness, she wrote to one of her American hostesses:

"I am so happy that I have known so many wonderful people in America and my family are saying too that they could have many friends in America. We can never express our thanks. I cannot bear that I can't talk with you directly. But I am thinking of you always



Suzue Oshima, who learned hair styling in Connecticut, continues to operate a beauty shop besides keeping house for her husband and baby daughter.

and I will be encouraged and comforted. Thank you very much for the key to your house. The key you open my heart by it, so if I could open others' heart how happy I will be. My parents saying they can understand now how I was happy in America and way I changed."

When the Maidens returned to Hiroshima in November, 1956, we met with them in Mr. Tanimoto's church. Besides these girls, there were a number of others who had been injured by the bomb and had wanted to come to America for surgery, but had been rejected. I told them, however, that their government was building a new hospital to provide surgical and medical care for bomb victims.

In reply, their spokesman assured me that they were grateful, but added that this would not give them the same new light in their eyes that they saw in those of the Maidens. Was there any way, I was asked, that they might receive the friendship of Americans?

As a result, the Bucks County, Pa., Quakers decided to befriend those who had been left behind. Each of 55 families started corresponding with a girl. They have been writing since, sending Christmas and birthday gifts, and in some instances providing financial assistance for scholarships. This, too, is a gesture to show that America's concern for Hiroshima is not limited to the 25 girls who came here. Two of Toyoko Minowa's dressmakers (Ruriko and Sachiko) are from this group. Another one, Matsubarasan, is presently making plans to come to the U.S. for study.

The Japanese doctors who accompanied the Maidens to America say that the example of the girls has encouraged other bomb victims to take a more positive approach to life. Furthermore, the Maidens now are regarded as ambassadors of friendship for America, as they were for Japan when they were in the U.S. This small group of young women has generated more amity between Japan and America than many elaborate official projects. Whoever visits Hiroshima comments with surprise on the warmth of the welcome extended to Americans. Those who have known the Maidens understand this—and are not surprised.

Sadako and the Paper Cranes

By ALICE W. PRYOR

A young war victim's tragedy left a heritage of prayer for peace.

A LITTLE kimono-clad Japanese girl, her feet tucked under her in typical Oriental fashion, sits on a shelf above my desk. She is Sadako, the favorite in my doll collection.

Her winsome face is almost ethereal as she gazes down toward me. She is forever occupied making paper cranes out of bits of brightly colored paper, reminding me of the true story she personifies.

It was on a visit to the Methodist church of the Rev. Kiyoshi Tanimoto in Hiroshima in 1958, when I attended a WSCS bazaar, that I first saw the doll and heard the story of the real Sadako.

Sadako was only two when a flash of fire rolling over Hiroshima ushered in the atomic age. Tens of thousands were killed instantly and 70 per cent of the city was virtually destroyed, but Sadako and her family appeared to have escaped; the devil's claw marks, as the Japanese called the scars, would not disfigure their bodies.

However, when Sadako was 12 she was stricken by the dread disease which so often follows radiation exposure—leukemia. Hospitalized, she spent the long hours in bed pursuing the favorite pastime of Japanese children: folding paper squares into miniature cranes.

As she grew weaker, she determined to make 1,000 paper cranes to send forth as prayers for peace and her own recovery. She wanted so much to live that she even convinced herself if she reached her goal her life would be spared. School friends, sharing her hope, helped fold the cranes. But as the task neared its end Sadako's life closed.

In tribute to her memory—and that of all other child victims of the bomb—her saddened schoolmates launched a campaign which culminated in Hiroshima's Children's Peace Memorial, paid for by children of the city and country. An inscription on the memorial explains it honors "the souls of the children who died in the atom-bomb, and . . . appeals for the peace of the world"—the goal toward which Sadako dedicated the final months of her young life.

On my visit to Memorial Peace Park in the heart of the city, I suddenly came upon the memorial. Garlands of paper cranes hung from it, placed there by youngsters on pilgrimages. As I lingered, a line of blue-clad children marched to the shrine, bowed, and gently placed there still more brightly colored paper cranes. A breeze set them fluttering, as though giving wing to their messages of peace.

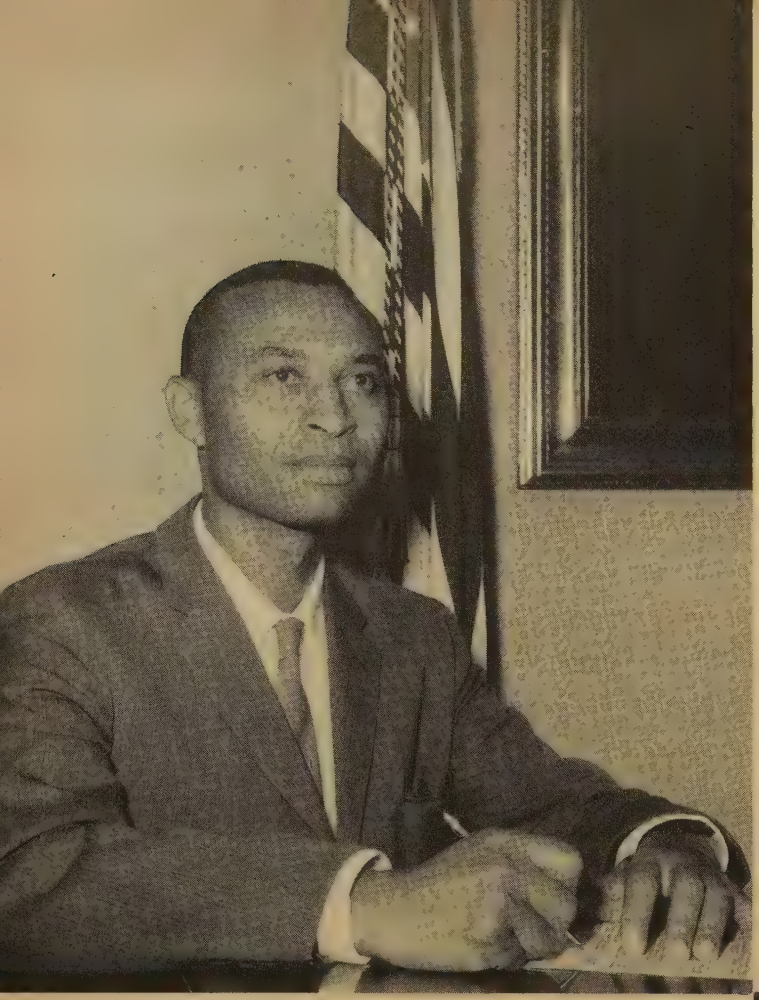
The story is told in the final lines of a commemorative poem written by Japanese poet Eisaku Yoneda:

You are the ones to fold all the other cranes.
Never let the fluttering wings be still,
Never, never let them die,
But set them winging, winging,
To the land where I shall rest in peace,
To the sky from where I gaze each day
Upon my thousand paper cranes,
Upon my well loved sembazuru.

My little doll, my little Sadako, sits where I can always see her. I want to be reminded constantly of what war can do.

I want to be reminded that though I did not experience the horror of that atomic blast, I, too, must release 1,000 cranes for peace so that never again will any child suffer the fate of those of Hiroshima.

Unusual Methodists



ENVOY TO GUINEA. Teaching French was Dr. Morrow's forte—but the President had other plans in mind.

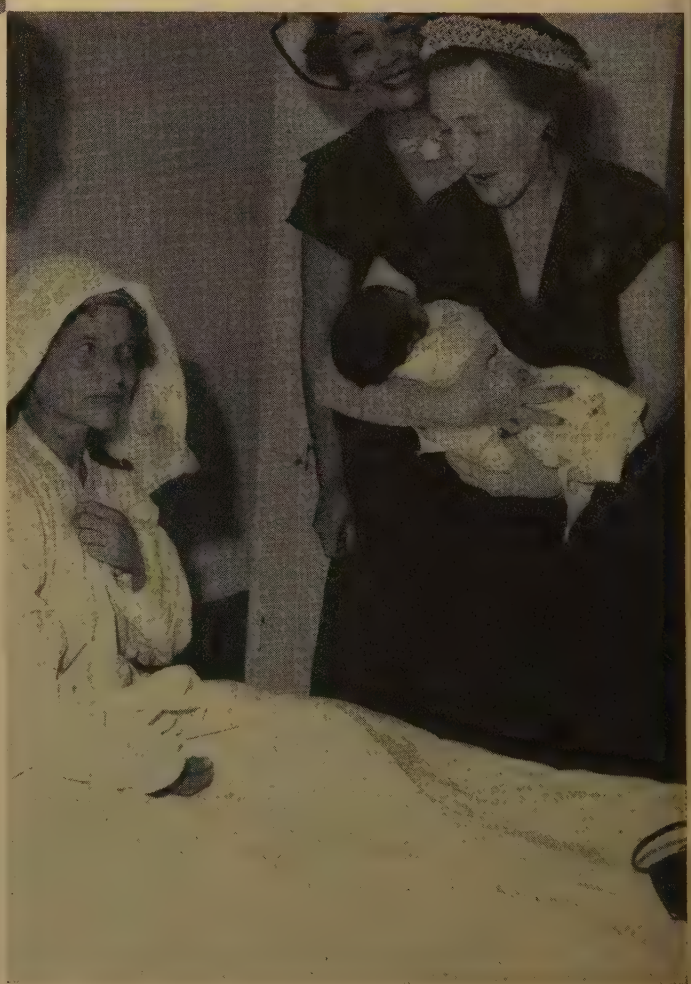
LINGUIST-DIPLOMAT. When the new African republic of Guinea was born last year, President Eisenhower, seeking this nation's first ambassador to serve there, bypassed a long list of career diplomats. He chose instead the chairman of modern languages at North Carolina College, a leading Tarheel Methodist named Dr. John H. Morrow.

Fellow members of Asbury Temple Methodist Church in Durham were proud of their friend's accomplishment but sorry to lose the Morrow family's warm fellowship. The ambassador, once a commission chairman, had long served on the board of trustees; Mrs. Morrow was board chairman of the local Wesley Foundation, and their son, John, Jr., was MYF vice-president.

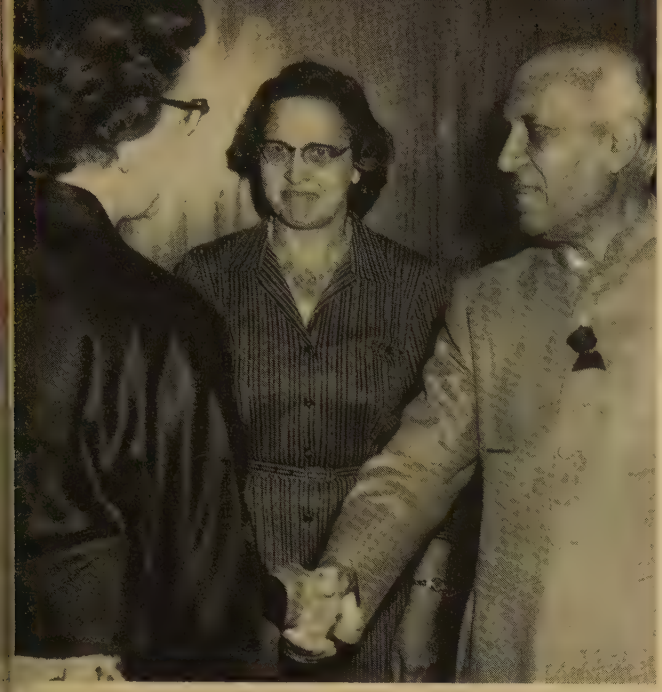
Dr. Morrow holds three U.S. university degrees and a *Certificat Avancé* from the Sorbonne. His father was a minister—his grandfather, a slave.

INTERNATIONAL MOTHER. Just ask Mrs. Mamie Dial why so many honors have come her way and she'll tell you, "I cast my bread on the waters, and it came back fruitcake." In recognition of her many good-will projects, "Mother Mamie" has been made honorary consul of Panama, an adopted daughter of Spain, an honorary citizen of West Germany and Free China. And she ranks high in the hearts of thousands.

Mrs. Dial organized the Pan American Council of International Relations to act as liaison between citizens of her home town, San Antonio, Tex., and foreign military men in nearby training centers. Simultaneously, she began entertaining groups of servicemen from all over the U.S. and abroad in her home; to date, hundreds have sampled her hospitality. As head of "Texas Good Neighbor Delegations," she also has led scores of women on good-will trips abroad, yet has found time to work in the Travis Park Methodist Church school almost 50 years. How can she do so much? "I organize my thinking through prayer," she says.



GLOBAL GOOD NEIGHBOR. Whether at home in Texas or visiting an Egyptian hospital (right) Mamie Dial is always on hand when a friend is needed.



"I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET . . ." One of Mrs. Maxwell's thrills in India was greeting Prime Minister Nehru.

FRIENDLY FARMERS. Halfway around the world, Minnesotan Maxwell finds the welcome warm as the sun.

LIVE EXHIBITS. At the World Agriculture Fair in New Delhi, India, this year, the throngs who visited U.S. exhibits saw real, live American farmers, farm wives, and young people. Among the Yanks "on view" were eight Methodists—four young people and four adults. Working in the displays and visiting farmers in their homes, they carried to India a message of friendship and hope.

From a list of 75 nominees, eight 4-H members were chosen for the trip. Four—Nancy Nesbitt, Hobart, N.Y.; Ferdinand (Bud) Thar, Decatur, Mich.; Kay Mihata, Kailua, Hawaii, and Stanley Stewart, Modesto, Calif.—were Methodists, as were the delegation's leaders, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey P. Lang, long-time workers with farm youth and active church members in State College, Pa. With young Indians as helpers and interpreters, the delegation spent many hours demonstrating equipment and explaining U.S. home and farm practices. Five days a week they donned colorful outfits to entertain the crowds with music and folk dances.

Also helping explain the U.S. way of life were Mr. and Mrs. Milton Maxwell of Le Sueur, Minn. This Methodist couple was among six at the fair on a program jointly organized by the three major U.S. farm groups. Their sponsor was the Farmers Union of their home state, where Maxwell heads the soil-conservation movement.

During their three months in India, the Minnesotans traveled 10,000 miles, visiting homes of farm families and, at the fair, answering thousands of questions about U.S. farm life. Their one-word description of their experiences: "thrilling."

4-H TRAVELERS. Examining trip souvenirs—the Langs, Kay, Stanley, Nancy, and Bud.

Seeing *Ourselves* as *Non-Americans* See Us

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Eight years ago a Japanese girl arrived in the U.S. for graduate studies in religion in Chicago and New York. At almost the same time, a lonely Filipino boy enrolled as a Crusade Scholar in Syracuse University, where he later received his master's degree in religious journalism. Both looked at us through Asiatic eyes and asked questions. Are we a self-absorbed and intolerant people who have failed in everything except, perhaps, material success? Or does the vital warmth of Christian concern still abound in America? Here is what they saw, and here are their contrasting answers—one from Yasuko Horioka, poet and busy housewife of Cambridge, Mass., in a letter to her brother in Japan; the other from Artemio R. Guillermo, son of a Methodist minister, now executive editor of the Philippine Christian Advance. *We are privileged to share their views with you.*—Eds.

'God has no chance to get into a man's heart'

. . . says *Mrs. Yasuko Horioka*

DEAR Brother: When I arrived in this country in 1952, everything I saw and heard was new to me and I used to write you almost every day. But as I continued living here, I could no longer find anything to write about. I was too lazy to explain things which had become so familiar to me, but now I feel differently.

The picture I had of America before I left Japan is almost the opposite of my present view. When I first came here, I was happy and grateful to find an easy life with constantly available hot running water, central heating, private automobile, and other conveniences. Now I am afraid of these conveniences.

The remarkable progress in the standard of living is certainly good news for mankind. But what happened to man's soul? Drugged by the pleasant way of life he himself made, man seems to be worn out and to have lost his thinking power.

Consider the life common to the majority of Americans. It takes 15 minutes to drive to work, so if one gets up at 8 a.m. there will be enough time for dressing, breakfast, and, perhaps, for morning papers. Since one drives one's own car, there is no need to worry too much about the weather. In fact, one can live for weeks without looking up to heaven; and is it not a madman's business to meditate on the moon?

"Material things prevail here like reptiles did on ancient earth," writes Mrs. Horioka, shown with her two children in her U.S. home.

One usually comes home after 5 p.m. and plays with one's children or watches TV until dinner is ready. A family gathering in front of the TV set follows the meal.

There is a whole day off on Saturdays for shopping, house cleaning, or for a long drive. Sundays there is church, with social activities afterward, or a day spent reading a massive newspaper.

The wife's life is similar to her husband's. She runs a sweeper once or twice a week, does laundry by machine. Because things are abundant in this country, housewives hunt for bargains rather than mend old clothes at night as many women do in Japan.

In the concrete "park" that divides one of New York City's busy thoroughfares are rows of benches which are always crowded. Many of the people are aged. They chatter aimlessly with each other or gaze into space with unseeing eyes.

They don't seem to care to go to beautiful Riverside Park a short distance away. In that quiet place, pigeons and sparrows leisurely seek food, and squirrels scamper about in the sun. The few people there are pulled along by their pet dogs.

Many Americans patronize restaurants and cafeterias. Imagine faceless faces of cashiers, waitresses, and people eating. If anything tragic or

comic happens, they weep or laugh but seem unable to bring any feeling out of their souls.

I think from these scenes you can understand the American disorder I am trying to tell you about. It is a trouble which has started attacking good, friendly Americans from within themselves.

There is nothing wrong with an advancing standard of living. Something has to be done, however, to prevent men from suffering its effects, making them like robots. No system of government can do anything about it, for it is a problem for each individual. Even religious reformation does little to help it, because the disease is within man and no external change can cure it.

Man has made machines and now is driven by machines. Man filled the earth with his own ability and now is in danger of becoming its slave. Material things prevail here like reptiles did on the ancient earth.

I welcome progress in physical comfort. America has a great deal to teach Japan about organization in daily life. But what I wish to tell you is how talented man so often loses his spirit and intelligence in this civilized society.

The symptom is seen in the academic world, where learning is no longer thinking, but knowing facts or memorizing.

Man is dazzled by his self-confidence. He almost forgets he is a limited being who may fail at any moment. Now the aim of learning is to make a living. If one says, "I study in order to think more about the meaning of life and how I ought to live," he will be sent to a psychiatrist immediately!

Since 1945 America has imported many Japanese products. At every dime store one can find cheap but coarse "made in Japan" merchandise—products of the selfishness of both American and Japanese merchants.

Is it not a shame that Japan is known as a maker of inferior goods, most of which do not show any Japanese originality? I want to ask the Japanese exporters to send here only the goods that are made with pride.

Yet I cannot deny that there is a "Japan boom" in this country. For instance, the film *Gate of Hell* was a hit for over a year; an exhibition of Japanese national treasures drew thousands of Americans.

Japanese ought to take advantage of the American interest in their country. It is a chance for self-reflection. The Japanese like to imitate the West, but is it not time for us Japanese to stop imitating others and take pride in our culture?

I have written that life in this civilized America is much easier than life in Japan. Cleaning, laundry, cooking, and many other things are done with the help of machines, yet there is little time to sit and relax.

American life is so busy that even God has no chance to get into a man's heart. A man nervously puffs his cigarette while waiting for his telephone call to be answered; he is transfixed by TV until he closes his eyes for the night. The moon and all its loveliness are shut away and considered only as the destination of rockets. Nature is not God's creation, but serves only to provide free resources for civilization. Man no more asks himself: "What am I?" "Why do I live?" To do a thing without any direct aim is a waste of time; work to make money and, with it, live a happy life!

I wish to shout, "American civilization, don't cross the ocean!" to any Japanese who does not have courage to pursue his own way of life. It may be too late, yet some who still hold with natural human living will understand me.

Man will soon reach the moon. What remarkable progress! But think of the desert scene of the human heart! Do you say I am exaggerating? I wish I were.

Russia has a faith called Communism. What does the rest of the world have to cope with it? Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism, or Islam?

I often wish every man could spare five minutes to watch a tiny weed flower at the roadside and feel a creation other than his own. Therein lies the greatest need of today: a return to the nature of man and the natural, human way of life.

Dear brother, let us walk through our lives with steady footsteps. Let us live without being driven. Let us use our civilization without being used. However advanced man may become, he will never become God by his highest achievements. If I say, "Let us thank God in the midst of man-made civilization," do you smile at my never-grown view of life?

'I was a stranger and you welcomed me'

. . . *says Artemio R. Guillermo*

AFTER an all-night flight from San Francisco to Chicago, I rode a taxi to the downtown skyscraper where the Philippine consulate was located. The door was locked. In the gray light of early morning the towering building was deserted; I realized I was hours too early.

I sat down on my suitcase in the unfamiliar surroundings and resigned myself to a long, dreary vigil. Disconsolately I waited, watching the trickle of early arrivals turn eventually into a stream of workers bound for their offices. Many of them went through the revolving door unconcerned. Some chattered gaily as they passed by with scarcely a glance at me. I was on the verge of tears.

Just then a neatly dressed woman hailed me with a cheery, "Hi, stranger!" She inquired about my problem and offered her help. My uncomfortable wait was changed suddenly into a pleasant experience.

"Hi, stranger!" may be almost a trite, impersonal greeting from one American to another, but to a newcomer in a busy country the salutation is unbelievably warm.

In the 2½ years of my stay in the U.S. while training for a career in journalism, there were many occasions when this spirit of welcome cheered me.

My first months were particularly lonesome. I felt a strangeness that set me apart from my new environment. Like ice encasing me, the feeling kept me from enjoying the beauty of my surroundings.

Before the warmth of welcome accorded me by fellow Methodists I met at church, however, the ice began to thaw. In the privacy of their homes, they impressed upon me that

I was not really a stranger. From the humble home of a farmer in Little Falls, N.Y., to the mansion of a businessman in Evanston, Ill., I was received as a friend.

There is a meaningful verse in Matthew 25:35 which reads, ". . . I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me."

Welcome is the golden cord which binds all Christians the world over. A person is received for what he is, a worthy member of the human family. And as one who has experienced welcome in the U.S., I have found in it a deeper meaning of love, concern, and understanding which encompassed me, my people, and my country.

This spirit of welcome showed up significantly in several of my encounters with life in America. Any foreigner who studies in the U.S. cannot but feel the individual's worth in American society. This is particularly striking to visitors who come from Asia and Africa, continents long colonized by Western nations.

This high regard for the individual many times takes the form of helpfulness. I was lost one day in the labyrinth of Chicago's subway. In my desperation I turned to an elderly lady for directions. She not only corrected my bearings but actually rode all the way with me to my station.

Underneath the façade of materialism that characterizes American life, the finer things of life are cherished. This was revealed to me one day by a housewife from Winnetka, Ill. She befriended me in the office of a high-strung woman who was in charge of locating rooms for foreign students. Perhaps to counteract the brusque reception I received from the registrar, she invited me one Saturday to her home. Since it was spring, the day was spent driving out in the countryside with her, taking in the beautiful hues of blooming lilacs, tulips, daisies, and dandelions which dotted the meadows. There were other Saturday cultural and aesthetic excursions later.

Then there was the friend who remains dear because of the many profitable times spent with his family, talking of the things which make life worth living. The TV remained unused in the corner.

Perhaps, among some other Americans, mechanized living has dampened the values of life. But to my observation, the electrical comforts and conveniences are seldom used as substitutes for real friendship, concern, and awareness. While it is true that life in an industrialized society can be a robotlike existence, eternal values burn deep in the consciousness of many persons I met in industrialized America.

These values find expression in the importance given to the church. At Syracuse, N.Y., where a local Methodist church "adopted" me during my study at Methodist-related Syracuse University, I found a high degree of stewardship. Any drive for a project, whether on the home front or in the foreign field, is bound to be supported with all the resources and enthusiasm of its members. Why? Because there is in every member's heart that Christian love which commands him to share his blessings. To me, this expression of thanksgiving makes up the hallmark of American religious life.

Being an Asian, a brown man, I had some misgivings before I landed on American shores. My greatest fear was of being subjected to indignities because of my color. But to my surprise, I traveled in the Deep South (Louisiana and Georgia), and I moved about in the restaurants, movies, stores, and public places of Nashville, Tenn., without experiencing the least unpleasantness.

In my estimation, those segments in American society that insist on discriminating against their fellow beings because of race or color are victims of gross ignorance and blind prejudice. Under the fatherhood of God, we are all human beings with a soul accountable before his presence.

The Statue of Liberty standing majestically in New York harbor stirs emotions in any foreign visitor. With her torch in her upraised hand in a gesture of welcome, Miss Liberty seems to say to the stranger:

"Welcome to this country. Enjoy the warm hospitality of her diverse people. Drink deep of her fountains of knowledge. Take home whatever you can from her bounty. Then, when you are in your homeland, remember her with kindness."

"Hi, stranger!" That to me remains the enduring symbol of the America where I lived and traveled. The Chicago woman with her radiant face and cheery welcome is etched in my memory. Her spirit was not an isolated case of warmhearted welcome. I am sure that spirit is shared by many Americans in countless cities. And this spirit, which makes for brotherhood, is sorely needed today by a world torn with hate and fear.

If it continues to abide in the heart of America, even the "gates of hell shall not prevail" against her.

"I was not really a stranger . . . I was received as a friend," says Mr. Guillermo, who has returned to the Philippine Islands to live.

They Are Kind to Animals

By KARL DETZER

AT NEW YORK'S Idlewild Airport one day last spring an expressman delivered a large box with holes bored at both ends in front of a white building which looks a little like a first-rate motel and sounds like an overcrowded Noah's Ark.

The official in charge, a solidly built man named George Bauer, carried the box inside. Printed on it in red were the words, "HANDLE WITH LOVE"; a hand-drawn sticker announced, "My name is Harry." Harry proved to be a friendly dog of fantastically mixed ancestry that had adopted an American soldier overseas. The soldier, ordered home, had expressed the dog by commercial jet airliner and was following by military transport.

For Harry and 25,000 other animals that pass through Idlewild each year the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals built and runs the $300,000 animal port, where for a small charge birds and beasts are rested, kept warm or cool, properly fed, and made as happy as possible between flights. Last year Bauer was host to 229 cats, 289 cows and heifers, 86 baboons, 2 kangaroos, 4 sea lions, 51 mice, 134 sheep, 12,677 monkeys, 1 crow, 2,550 dogs, and 60 or so other varieties of fish, birds, and animals.

Overnight charges for board and room range from $7 a day for horses and bulls to $2 for average-size dogs and $1 for domestic cats. Day-old chicks and white mice are charged for at 50 cents a box. Most memorable recent guest was one Bauer darkly calls "The Lion!" His name was Charlie II.

"Harry proved to be a friendly dog of fantastically mixed ancestry that had adopted an American soldier overseas."

"... With his teeth he turned on the water faucet and soon was romping happily in billows of suds."

As his weight approached 200 pounds, the lion, raised by soldiers overseas, became too fierce for a pet, and his masters presented him to a Cincinnati zoo. The men who were to pick him up were late, so Bauer ignored the "Do Not Feed" order chalked on the cage, put cage and eight pounds of red meat in a strong room, and let the lion out.

Charlie gobbled, then explored the room. Finding a pail of detergent on a shelf, he knocked it across the floor. Then with his teeth he turned on a water faucet—and soon was romping happily in billows of suds. When Bauer tried to turn off the

water, Charlie chased him out of the room. It took several hours to coax him back into his cage.

There are only two animal ports in the world (London has the other). But hundreds of large and small animal shelters, clinics, hospitals, adoption centers, and rescue stations are maintained throughout the United States by various humanitarian groups; local Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; cat, dog, horse and other "protective associations"; Animal Rescue Leagues; Animal Welfare Centers, Animal Shelter Societies, Be Kind to Animals Clubs, and local branches of the American Humane Association and the recently established Humane Society of the United States. Their methods and outlook vary, but all are dedicated to the same kindly ends.

Although they often work amicably together, all these fine institutions are independently organized—even the several score SPCAs scattered across the country. Oldest of these, and the only one that may use the word "American" in its title, is the New York SPCA, organized in 1866. (There is no national headquarters of the SPCA.) Its founder was a lank New Yorker named Henry Bergh, whose kindly heart, high silk hat, luxuriant Dundreary whiskers and drooping mustache, yellow kid gloves, and stiff, four-inch collars were known and admired from London to Constantinople, from Paris to St. Petersburg. He was a truly humanitarian citizen with a well-filled purse.

Bergh had time, thanks to his family's shipping interests, to travel to the far corners of the world, to compose a great deal of bad poetry and also to write hundreds of long letters to newspapers about kindness to animals. In London he approved heartily when the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals arrested and sent to the workhouse hundreds of teamsters who beat, underfed, overworked or overloaded their dray horses. On his return to New York, Bergh brought together a group of his well-heeled and socially prominent friends to establish the American counterpart of the Royal London Society. As leader and founder, he gave his time, intelligence, vigor, and money to the cause. He tackled many problems.

No state or city then had laws or ordinances against cruelty to animals, and truckers and streetcar drivers often were hard-hearted scoundrels with blacksnake whips in their hands. The new society, goaded on by Bergh, did its level best to alleviate the situation, but it had too few members and scant support from the press, so Bergh went out into the pot-holed streets, wading in mud over the tops of his spats, and snatched sticks and clubs away from teamsters who beat their animals.

At night he prowled what the newspapers called the city's "most insalubrious purlieus," his keen ears alert for cockfights and dog-and-rat fights. He was so positive in his manner that when he burst into the premises and ordered a fight stopped there usually was no argument.

Although Bergh and the ASPCA were ridiculed by most of the newspapers, they soon had solid backing by a number of highly respected and substantial citizens. In his early efforts to pass animal-protection laws, Bergh was aided by good friends named Vanderbilt, Roosevelt, Belmont, Astor, Olyphant, Rhinelander, and Peter Cooper.

SPCA agents may find themselves up a tree—even out on a limb—in their efforts to rescue pets.

The ASPCA was only two years old when similar societies were organized in Boston, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. They adopted the initials SPCA and still are among the most successful organizations in this field. The San Francisco SPCA last year investigated the cases of 40,000 animals reported to be in serious trouble, including one skunk that had fallen into a basement and two that had got into sewers.

SPCA agents who accomplished these rescues were happy thereafter to answer emergency calls to retrieve little girls' kittens from the tops of tall trees. They also succored a very ruffled peacock, stuck in the mud, a small bird with a fishhook embedded in its face, a pigeon covered with paint, a rabbit frantically dodging fast traffic on a throughway, and thousands of dogs and cats that were victims of accidents or wanton cruelty.

The Pennsylvania SPCA, with headquarters in Philadelphia, is not bounded by the city limits. Last year its agents worked in 36 Pennsylvania counties, inspected some 5,000 stables, pet shops, carnivals, slaughter houses, and laboratories and investigated 2,364 charges of cruelty. But the society found it necessary to take only nine persons into court; in hundreds of cases the culprits are thoughtless young children, for whom a stern lecture or a visit to SPCA headquarters to see the animals seems preferable to punishment.

The Pennsylvania SPCA stresses education for kindness among children and young people and its representatives visit hundreds of schools each year with educational films and exhibits of live animals. Last year a traveling collection of nonvenomous snakes was taken to many children's summer camps, to illustrate a talk on the value of reptiles to farmers and city folk alike.

The Massachusetts SPCA is believed to be the largest self-supporting humane organization in America. In 1868 a lawyer named Angell read an account of how two horses had been raced from Brighton to Worces-

ter, cruelly beaten all the way, and had both dropped dead before they reached the finish line. Angell asked Henry Bergh to come up from New York and help him organize. Bergh complied happily and Angell was active in the Society for 50 years. Angell Memorial is the world's largest animal hospital, with a full-time staff of 21 veterinarians and 6 operating tables that can be used simultaneously if necessary. A total of more than 140 employes work around the clock, and nurses are on duty at all hours. Like most SPCA hospitals, Angell makes no charge if the animal's owner cannot afford to pay.

The Massachusetts SPCA's staff of investigating agents wear uniforms similar to those of the state police, have full police authority, and before starting work must attend the state police training school. They not only answer complaints, but make routine investigations of pet shops, stockyards, medical laboratories, kennels, auctions, and rodeos. Occasionally they go out on a hunt for cock-fights which still pop up in foreign areas.

Last year motorists who drove past a Massachusetts farm were astonished to see a policeman in full uniform milking a cow in the barnyard of a dilapidated farm. This, it turned out, was one result of a routine investigation. SPCA Officer Herman N. Dean, chief of the society's investigation unit, had checked the report of hungry farm animals at the place and had found it true. Several cows were in serious need of milking, and before he did anything else, Dean milked the cows. Then he began to dig out the facts.

The bachelor-owner of the farm, taken suddenly ill, had been rushed to a hospital. Pigs, goat, dogs, cat, cows, and 150 hens were hungry. Dean fed them. Then he visited the owner at the hospital, and found that a neighbor had offered him $38 for all the animals.

"Let me see what I can do," Dean said, and he did a great deal. The dogs and cat went to the SPCA shelter for possible adoption, and a dealer bought the stock and paid $280 cash for it. Dean turned the money over to the grateful owner.

Most frequent complaints—in Massachusetts and elsewhere—are against families that have gone away on vacation, leaving pets unattended. In the autumn, too, many heartless folk turn their dogs or cats loose in the woods or along the shore as they start home. Animals that do not starve to death often go wild and hunt in packs. SPCA agents capture the hungry animals and if they have become too wild to retrieve, destroy them humanely. SPCA units hold strays from three days to three months before destroying them. Usually "adoptable" cats and dogs are quickly taken by new owners anxious for pets. Naturally, only healthy animals of good disposition are held for adoption.

In several large cities the SPCA has taken on the job of local poundmaster and with it the dog licensing concession. When, as in New York State, the law requires the poundmaster to turn over for scientific or medical experimentation all healthy stray dogs not claimed either by their owners or for adoption, the SPCA runs afoul of militant antivivisectionists. Resolutely against animal experiments, come plague or sudden death, these zealots assail the SPCA and the medical associations and scientific laboratories with which it co-operates, with the ferocity of tigers.

Although there is some dissension among some of the local SPCAs themselves, humane organizations have worked jointly for some worthy causes. Among the nation-wide crusades the SPCAs and the American Humane Association have conducted is a recent fight for the adoption of a humane slaughter law. Congress passed such a law in 1958 which becomes effective this year. It admittedly is not perfect, and zealous workers already are trying to put new, sharp teeth into it.

Limited budgets prevent the small humane groups from doing all they would like to do in restoring lost pets to their owners. But not long ago a frightened, hungry, and lost dog was found on the streets of Buenos Aires by Señor Jorge Enrique Keil. To his surprise, he saw that the license tag had been issued in New York by the ASPCA. He wrote to the society. Its records showed that the dog belonged to an Argentine citizen who had lived temporarily in Forest Hills, Long Island. The society so notified Señor Keil. Result: happy reunion in Buenos Aires!

AA

A 25th Birthday

BILL, a visiting businessman, sat in an Akron, Ohio, hotel room grimly fighting a mighty inward battle—virtually for his life. It was spring of the depression year 1935, when the nation was trying to regain its footing.

That was Bill's problem, too. A promising business deal had just fallen through; now, alone and discouraged, he was on the verge of taking the one drink he knew would pitch him back into the alcoholic's shadowy world, from which he had escaped only months before.

Desperately, Bill snatched up the phone and dialed a minister. Where, he implored, could he find another alcoholic with whom he might talk? A string of coincidences led him to Dr. Bob S., a prominent local surgeon who had virtually dissipated his practice by drinking. Together they fought the problem—and won!

Out of this chance meeting grew Alcoholics Anonymous, a spiritual fellowship founded on the unique principle Bill and Dr. Bob had discovered: that alcoholics strengthen their own resolve not to drink by trying to help others find sobriety. It is therapy based on the kinship of common suffering—and it works!

AA's two pioneers soon were joined by a third alcoholic, then others. Then, in 1939, members published *Alcoholics Anonymous,* their "big book." It has since sold more than 400,000 copies.

Last month, 10,000 of AA's more than 250,000 former problem drinkers gathered for a 25th-anniversary convention in Long Beach, Calif. There the men and women toasted—with coffee and soft drinks—their personal independence from alcohol and their organization's guiding purpose: service to alcoholics who sincerely want to stop drinking and are willing to surrender to a "Power greater than themselves" to do it.

Surviving co-founder Bill W., who still remains publicly anonymous, was there. So were members representing some 8,000 local groups in 5,760 communities scattered through more than 80 countries. And all because Bill reached for the phone, not the bottle, back in 1935!

Women of a Maryland church use their area's tradition-rich past to stage a colorful

Historical Fashion Show

THANKS TO a woman who cherishes the nation's past, and to the active participation of WSCS members and their volunteer assistants, nearly two centuries of American Methodism recently came alive in a Maryland church. The accent was on style; it was actually the Antique Fashion Show of the Westminster Methodist Church. But in presenting this pageant of clothing styles from the earliest period of American Methodism down to the Gay 90s, the participants transformed the long-ago Methodists who once wore such garb from memories into flesh-and-blood human beings.

Fittingly, the director was Miss Dorothy Elderdice. Her father was a long-time president of Westminster Theological Seminary, now Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C. Her special interest is reflected in her collection of some 4,000 authentic historical costumes. She was encouraged in the project by her pastor, the Rev. Robert H. Hiller, also an ardent student of Methodist history.

Drawing on local history for many settings and plot situations, the pageant was rich in church lore. Westminster, 29 miles northwest of Baltimore, was an early center of the church's activities; one scene of the fashion show depicted the first Methodist class meeting of record in the United States [see page 2]. Another relived the days when a local tavern keeper demanded that villagers pay him for water drawn from his well. But Betsy, daughter of Squire William Winchester, town founder, insisted that water belonged to all and declared her father's well free to all. The sequel: the tavern owner's well ran dry; "God's well" continued to flow.

Also dramatized, while an orchestra played background music, were such events as a Civil War victory celebration, a high-society wedding of the Elegant 80s, and a Sunday-school picnic of the Gay 90s. For a special audience close-up of the outfits after each scene, actors paraded out along a ramp. All in all, it proved to be truly an antique fashion show—one which gave animation to much early Methodist history.

Adhering to a Wesleyan admonition, early Westminster Methodists wore plain clothes—such as these doeskin breeches made in 1827.

In a scene from actual history, the town's tavern keeper puts a price on each bucket of water from his well.

Old-time costumes, drawn from the director's collection, presented time-consuming problems calling for expert co-operation.

His wig slightly askew, Alan Wagaman fixes Carroll Beard's vest straps.

Strolling out on the ramp, the actors give the audience a close view of their long-ago outfits.

Miracles don't just happen. You have to hustle for what you get, Ben believed. So he became . . .

The Angry Sinner

By LEON WARE

BEN HUCKINS shifted restlessly in his pew seat. His was an enterprising nature and to have to sit quietly for an hour, without participating, went against the grain. He didn't like any game where he couldn't carry the ball.

His eyes roamed around the church. It was an old building, and there was a crack that started on the wall behind the pulpit and angled up toward the roof. Wouldn't happen today—not if they'd used Huckins Mix. He turned to follow the course of the crack and Evelyn's sharp elbow dug into his ribs.

He didn't understand how she could sit so quietly, her gloved hands in her lap, her pretty head cocked a little as she listened intently to the sermon. She was always happy Sunday morning—getting breakfast, seeing that the boys were cleaned up for Sunday school, dressing herself carefully, getting them all off in time. She always worked on him a little, too, trying to get him to come, but she wasn't successful unless it rained, like today, and his weekly tennis game was canceled.

He settled himself doggedly to listen to the balance of the sermon. The Rev. Paul Burdick was young, but in the two years he'd been pastor he'd made a good impression on the community.

Ben eyed him now, wondering what made a minister. Dr. Burdick was a bachelor, big, broad-shouldered, and as tanned as one of Ben's truck drivers.

The sermon ended, the congregation sang a hymn, and Ben got ready to leave. But Dr. Burdick had an announcement to make.

"As you know," he said, smiling, "I'm taking a month's vacation but in the meantime, until I return, I hope the congregation will give some thought to what we might do about a youth hut on the piece of land left the church by Mr. Harkness.

"Our town sorely needs a meeting place for the young people—for the Boy and Girl Scouts, the various youth organizations. The building wouldn't need to be elaborate, but building costs being what they are, it would probably take a considerable sum. I want to ask you all to join me in a prayer that we may be able to utilize Mr. Harkness' generosity for our children's benefit."

Dr. Burdick bent his head and the congregation followed suit. All but Ben Huckins. He stared at the big man while his deep voice rumbled in prayer. Ben knew that piece of land down by the river. It'd never been worth much, and when the state condemned part of it for a levee, Harkness had been paid a lot more than the whole piece was worth. Generosity indeed! He must have snorted, because Evelyn's elbow dug into his ribs again.

When they were finally out in the foyer she put her gloved hand on his arm. "Ben, would you mind if I asked Dr. Burdick to dinner?"

"OK. Day's spoiled anyway."

"Ben!"

He winced a little because he hadn't really meant it. He grinned. "Sorry, honey. Sure, it's OK by me."

Having the minister to dinner certainly improved the boys' table manners. Ben grinned sympathetically once at Ricky, the 10-year-old. Ricky stared a sickly smile and then froze as Dr. Burdick glanced at him.

"Play football, Ricky?"

"Oh, sure. Yes, sir . . . a little," he added hesitantly, as if wondering if the church approved.

"Great game, football. Used to enjoy it."

Ricky's mouth dropped open. "Did you play football?"

"High school and two years of college." Dr. Burdick smiled, remembering. "Played tackle."

"Is that how you got the scar?" Joey asked. "Playing football?"

"Joey!" Evelyn's face grew pink.

Dr. Burdick laughed and gently touched his fingertips to the scar that began on his forehead at the right temple and ran back, faintly visible, through his hair.

"No," he said ruefully, "I got that at Iwo Jima. I was standing up when I should have been sitting down—way down. And I had my helmet off—something no Marine should ever do."

"Well, how do you like that!" Ricky exclaimed. "You, a fightin' Marine!"

"Ricky," Evelyn said quickly, "the Marines have chaplains, just like the other branches of service."

READER'S CHOICE

The Angry Sinner was first nominated by Alice Cooper Elliott of Lafayette, La., who will receive $25. It first appeared in *This Week*, April 5, 1953, and is reprinted by permission of Harold Ober Associates, Inc. Why not nominate your favorite story or article? But please remember: only one nomination at a time.—EDS.

Dr. Burdick shook his head. "I wasn't a chaplain, Mrs. Huckins. I was a buck sergeant. But it was at Iwo that I decided."

He smiled at Ben and added: "As a matter of fact, I wouldn't have been surprised to find the whole division in theological college after the war."

Ben chuckled. "I know what you mean. I was in the Seabees. There were times when I needed more than a foxhole." The minister settled into a deep chair with a sigh of contentment while Ben stood at the window, apparently studying the sullen day.

"A fine family you have, Mr. Huckins."

Ben turned. "Thanks." He sank into a chair. "Maybe I'm nosy," he said, "but after football and the Marine Corps don't you rather miss the excitement?"

Dr. Burdick smiled. "I'm afraid one of the reasons I went into the ministry was because I'd had enough excitement. And now I find that this is the most exciting thing in the world."

Evelyn came in and they sat with their coffee. Dr. Burdick smiled at Ben. "You know, Mr. Huckins, most ministers have to work on faith alone. There's no financial reserve—you just go along with your plans, praying and working, and when the time comes, whatever you need is there at hand."

Ben laughed shortly. "Wish it'd work for me."

Dr. Burdick smiled. "The power of prayer is practically unexplored, Mr. Huckins. Probably yours weren't answered because you didn't think they would be. You not only have to pray, you have to believe, too."

Ben couldn't resist it. "Like this youth hut?"

Dr. Burdick nodded. "That's right."

Ben stretched out his legs. "You mean, seriously now, that you'll get that place by prayer alone?"

Dr. Burdick's glance was steady, vaguely disturbing to Ben. As a matter of fact, the calm, quiet, assured gaze irritated him. By what right did this big young man sit there talking about prayer getting him what he wanted when he should be out hustling for it?

"I believe we will," Dr. Burdick said quietly. "If the whole community joins in prayer, I'm sure we will."

"That leaves you quite an out," Ben said.

"Ben!"

Dr. Burdick chuckled. "It's all

"Some generosity! A building 30 by 50 would practically cover all the usable ground. He stopped suddenly, looking down at the mud. A slow, wry grin crossed his face."

right, Mrs. Huckins. Believing, really believing, is the hardest thing in the world to do. Even the disciples, who'd witnessed the greatest miracle of all time, didn't believe at first."

Evelyn didn't have much to say to Ben when they were alone. She was too angry. "Just because you couldn't play tennis today you don't have to take it out on everyone! Sometimes I just don't understand you!"

"I don't understand him," Ben returned shortly. Knowing that he hadn't behaved well only lent an edge to his voice. "A big husky guy like that ought to be working for what he wants!"

She spun on her heels and went swiftly up the stairs, her back stiff, her head high.

She didn't come down; he didn't go up. Late in the afternoon he got into his rain clothes and went out in the car.

He turned down toward the river front. He found the lot old man Harkness had bequeathed to the church. An ugly mud levee cut across it at an angle, leaving an oddly shaped piece of land on which there were only weeds and scrub willows. He got out and paced it.

Some generosity! A building 30 by 50 would practically cover all the usable ground. He stopped suddenly, looking down at the mud. A slow, wry grin crossed his face. What a joke! What a first-class, down-to-earth, cash-on-the-barrelhead kind of joke!

HE GOT back into his car and drove some distance to Earl Kenyon's house. There were a number of cars parked in front so he drove on to a drugstore and went in to use the phone.

"Earl? Ben Huckins. Look: day after tomorrow I'm pouring a concrete slab 30 by 50 for a community youth hut. I'll supply the asbestos shingles and the wallboard, too. How about you donating the lumber?"

"Hey, wait a minute!" Earl gasped. "What is this?"

"Call it a shakedown," Ben said curtly. "Do you or don't you want in?"

"Who you sore at?" Earl demanded. "Thirty by fifty—that's a lot of lumber!"

"Never mind who I'm sore at," Ben said. "This is a rush job. Gotta be done—paint, wiring, plumbing—everything in a month."

"Free?"

"Free. Are you in?"

"Well . . . sure . . . I guess so. I always like to help . . . But 30 by 50 . . ."

"And plywood for a locker room, plus kitchen cabinets."

Earl groaned.

"What electrical contractor's had the best year?" Ben asked.

Earl snorted. "All of 'em. Joe Pearce, maybe. He had that big job in Watertown.

"Joe's my man, then. And Earl—this is top secret. Make sure everybody who works on the deal understands it."

By the time he got home Evelyn was in the kitchen, fixing a snack of soup and toast for the boys, and he ate some, too. She didn't speak to him, and he didn't speak to her. He nursed his secret, gloating a little.

By the end of the week the slab was in, the studs up, the roof on, and the fireplace almost finished. Abe Decebaum stopped him on the street.

"Look," Abe said. "I live here. My kids belong to the Scouts. How come you don't come near me?"

Ben pushed his hat back on his head. "How'd you find out?"

Abe grinned. "Radar."

Ben laughed. "Abe, you're all right. I didn't come to you because, after all, the building's going to belong to our church."

"OK," Abe said. "All the kids gonna use it—that's good enough for me. What do you need?"

"A stove, refrigerator, and a sink."

"Me and my big mouth! OK, Ben—you got 'em."

He rode it like a bucking bronco. And it was done in time—just.

Dr. Burdick returned from his trip late in the afternoon, and Ben made an appointment for after dinner. He took Evelyn along and they picked up the minister. Ben drove slowly, savoring the moment to come. When they turned down the dead-end street he began his little speech.

"You remember the rainy Sunday you were over to dinner, Doctor?" Ben asked.

"I remember it with pleasure."

"You spoke about the youth hut—how we could get it by prayer," Ben continued.

"That's right."

"Well—that's one way, maybe. A way I don't know much about, I guess. But there's another way, too. Get out and hustle and sweat. That's my way. For my money, that's what gets things done. How do you like it, Doctor?"

He had timed it perfectly. The car stopped in front of the youth hut whose white paint glistened in the moonlight. The lights were on and the front door open.

DR. BURDICK got out of the car without a word. He went up the walk and took off his hat as he entered. He saw the opened kitchen, the locker room, the two bathrooms. He swallowed several times and turned slowly around, his eyes glistening. Only then was Ben conscious of Evelyn, squeezing his arm so tight it hurt.

"Here's the key, Doctor," Ben said.

Dr. Burdick took the key and bent his head. When he looked up again his face was shining. His eyes held Ben's.

"A miracle," he said softly.

Ben shook his head. "No miracle. Just plain hard work by a lot of hard-working people." He grinned triumphantly.

"I told you this was an exciting business," Dr. Burdick said gently, "and I think it's a miracle. How else do you explain that a man who's had but little interest in the church should become God's instrument? Only a man like you could have accomplished this in so short a time, Mr. Huckins—so a man like you was selected."

Ben's grin slowly faded. An odd, puzzled feeling crept over him.

"Why did you do this for us?" Dr. Burdick asked.

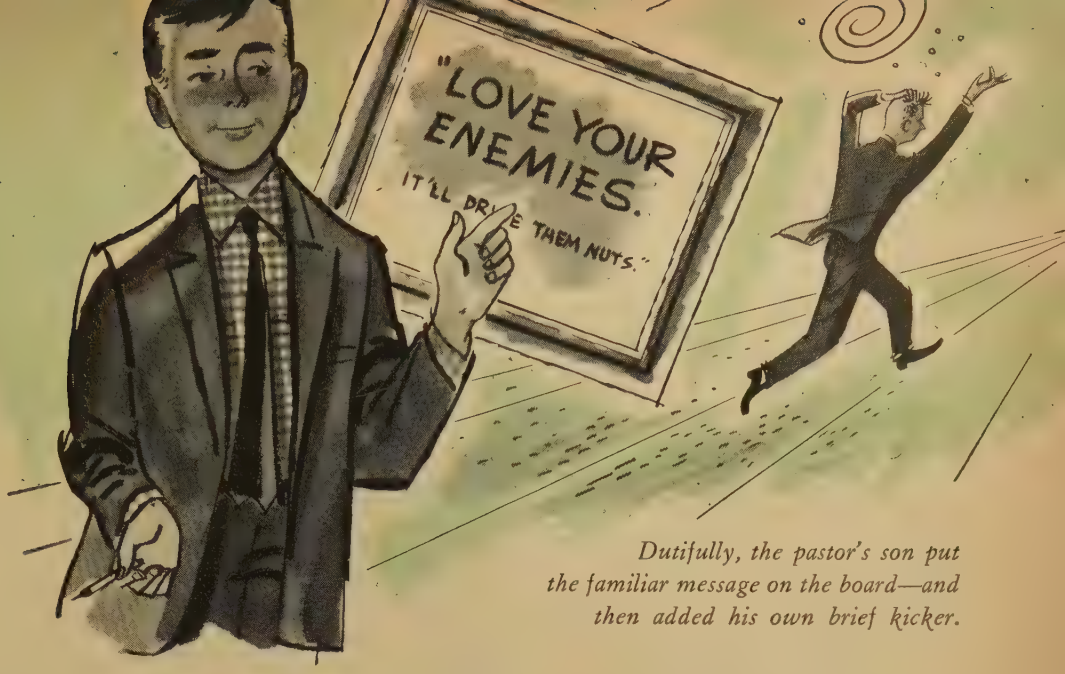
Ben looked past the man, at the big fireplace. He recognized the feeling now. It was awe.

"I . . . I got mad at you," he said, almost to himself. "I thought instead of just praying, you ought to be out doing something about it."

Dr. Burdick laughed softly. "I was doing something about it, I guess. I was making the right man mad!"

Lapses in Apses

By ALAN D. LE BARON



Dutifully, the pastor's son put the familiar message on the board—and then added his own brief kicker.

A NEW PASTOR in Pittsburgh, Pa., wanted to impress on his flock the long-term role of music in his church. He mailed each member a form letter—but somehow a gremlin dropped the "y" out of "years," so that the faithful found themselves exhorted to "sing, sing, sing, through the ears!" They were assured further: "You'll be surprised at what this will do for you, and at how your loved ones will react."

That embarrassed pastor, of course, was not the only gentleman of the cloth to come a cropper on a slip of tongue or pen. There was also, for example, the preacher in Minneapolis who solemnly assured his congregation that "many a strong man has suddenly seen the bottom drop out of his wife"!

Almost invariably, such lapses in the apses are created by the most reverent of people, the sweet souls who work hardest in the church. It's their very innocence that makes the humor charming. Like that of the young Navy flier-turned-minister who stood before his congregation and said, "Let us sing, 'Rescue the Parachute.'"

Then there was the bulletin board of a church in Houston, Tex., with the startling suggestion, "Rest in the Lard." When some smiling member finally reported it, the secretary rushed out and "corrected" it to, "Rest in the Yard."

In Milwaukee another minister asked his son to put up a familiar admonition on the board. The boy put up the three words, then added a brief commentary of his own. It stayed up six days before his dad discovered it. The message: "Love Your Enemies. It'll Drive Them Nuts."

Still another bulletin board, this time in West Virginia, offered unexpected hope for harassed husbands in its announcement of a sermon topic on altering the course of one's life: "How to Change Your Wife Through Prayer."

The best bloopers, however, have been printed in the little orders of worship handed to parishioners at the door. "Our parish is large," one such bulletin started out, "and many persons come in person, by telephone, and by mail, bringing us their spiritual problems. We ministers conscientiously fake an interest in every one of them."

In Topeka, Kans., "The Ford Is My Light," was given as the title of a solo by a tenor—who was, of all things, a Chevrolet dealer. And the bulletin of a Massachusetts church announced, "Our minister will preach on 'Evil Member in the Church.' Our choir will sing, 'Who Could It Be?'"

The pastor's sermon topic of a Texas church was printed as "Who Knocketh at Your Door?" The very next line gave the answer: "Shadrach, Meshach, and Mrs. Viola Townsend, whose son is in the Navy."

Members of one Texas church read in their bulletin, "Our young people's tennis team needs more players. Won't more boys and girls please come out for the team?" The next item said: "Our pastor will preach on the theme, 'Who Will Serve?'"

"In the absence of the Rev.——— while on vacation," read another announcement, "our assistant minister, Rev.———, will do his best to take charge of all pastoral cuties."

Even the renowned Riverside Baptist Church in New York City is not immune. One Sunday a line in the order of worship read, "Hymn 336. Congregation standing." Immediately under that was: "Sermon: 'What Are You Standing For?'"

"Intimations of Immorality," was the morning sermon topic listed in one Nebraska bulletin. The night topic: "Enduring Enthusiasm."

Even newspapers get into the act. On its church page, one announced: "Rally Day and Harvest Home Exercises in the First Presbyterian Church will be hell on Sunday."

One newspaper reported, "The grandfather of the child sued for damages for pain and suffering he said the little boy sustained after eating some preachers." And a church notice in a Kansas newspaper solemnly announced for the following Sunday that the congregation could expect "sacrament of Baptism and deception of new members."

Then there was the bishop who came to town and was interviewed by the cub reporter. His Reverence felt expansive, told a lot of incidents and anecdotes, then asked the young man not to use them because they were from his next address. So the reporter printed this regret: "The bishop told a lot of good stories that cannot be printed."

A mother, experienced in the trials of living with almost grown-up children, advises other parents:

Push the Fledglings Out!

By EDNA WALKER CHANDLER

A Together in the Home Feature

DO PARENTS ever get through raising a family? I wonder. In our case, when our two older boys finished high school, they decided to go to work. One got a job as an apprentice sheet-metal worker, with pay enough to make him independent. The other became a civil-service draftsman with a good salary.

Now, their father and I told ourselves, our troubles with these two are over! But we were kidding ourselves.

At first it looked rosy. "Now, Mom," the boys told me, "we want to help out with the food bill." That was fine, their dad and I agreed; they certainly ate enough. Between 17 and 20 a boy is still a gastronomic cavern.

The boys began throwing in $10 a week toward groceries. But they also kept tossing their dirty clothes into the family washing, showing not a bit of surprise at getting them back clean and ironed. And they kept on using the family stock of soap, toothpaste, and other incidentals, just as they always had.

If asked to help with household chores, however, they were anything but cheerful. They never helped without being asked, and if a date or other plans interfered, off they went, leaving me with the younger children, the lawn to be cut, and their room and the bathroom a mess.

They were good boys and neither drank, for which their father and I were thankful. They had nice friends, who came in all hours of the day and night, lugging sandwiches and homemade malts from the kitchen to the boys' room. We were glad they had friends and felt free to bring them home. But when I looked at the extra dishes overflowing the sink —and the gaps where food had vanished from the refrigerator—I wondered desperately where their parents' freedom came in.

Our sons also became night owls. Finally, when the older one came whistling home at 3 a.m. I told him: "You know we don't keep hours like this. Please, can't you get in a little earlier so everyone can settle down for a decent night's sleep?"

Well, our son felt that since he was paying his "board and room" he should have all the privileges and none of the responsibilities connected with the household. He announced he'd better find a place of his own.

I suggested that he look for one where laundry, mending, and 24-hour access to the refrigerator would be thrown in, as well as unlimited use of all personal supplies. I also told him to seek a place where he would have free use of the phone.

I clipped ads for him and he began his search. For a week he ran down leads. Then suddenly he quit. He pitched in and helped with the work as he never had. He asked me to show him how to iron his clothes. He began getting in earlier, and when he knew he would be out late he got in the habit of telling us beforehand.

That little spell of knowing he was free to go, and that his parents might even be relieved if he did strike out on his own, plus a week of trying to find a place he wanted—and could afford, did wonders.

Almost the same thing happened with our second son. Both boys found that freedom costs money, and that a wage-earning child still has definite obligations to his home and family so long as he lives at home and benefits from the family situation. The boys are both married now, but when they come home on visits they help in a way that shows real appreciation.

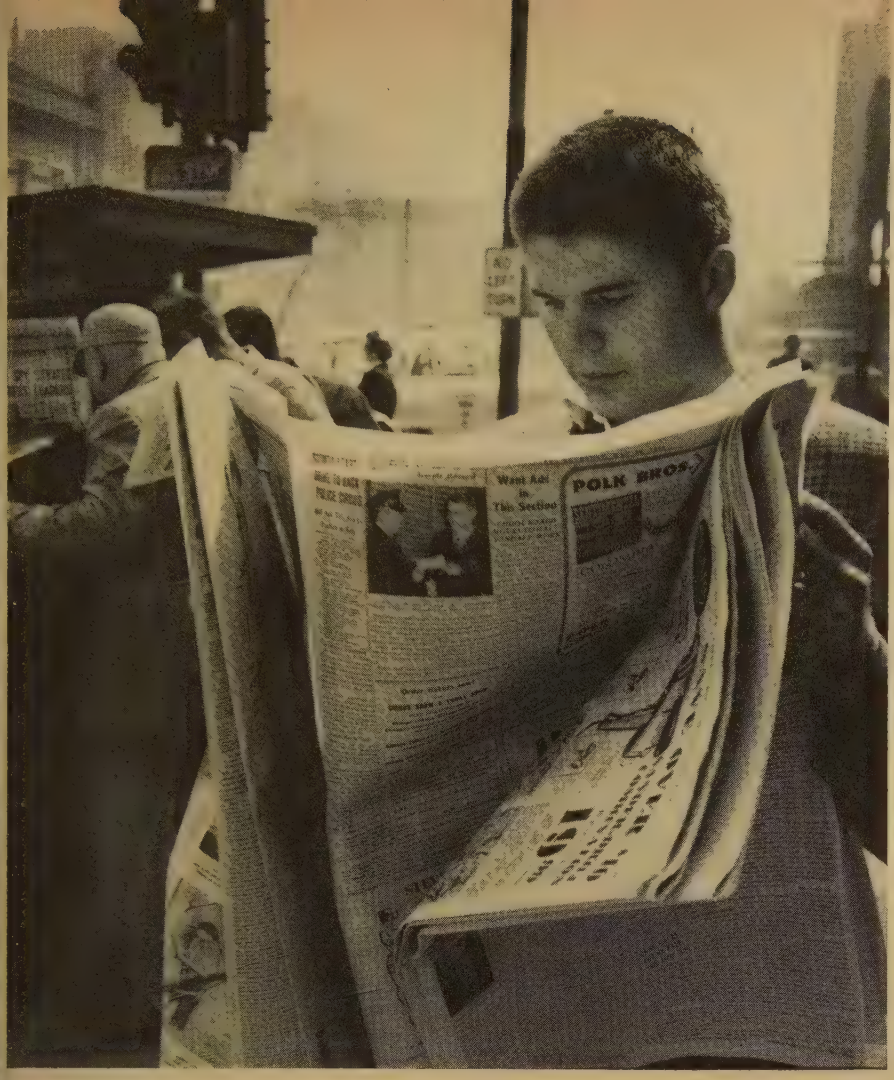
After them came Jane, who at 19 decided she should be completely free.

Her father and I had looked forward to having her home after a year at the university, for she is bright and her thinking is a constant challenge. But along with her came Tommy.

Tommy was in love with Jane, but he lived about 80 miles away and had no car. The first Friday night, he hitchhiked to our place and spent that night, all Saturday, Saturday night, and Sunday as our guest. And I mean guest. He didn't so much as offer to dry a dish, and Jane wasn't even worth shooting while he was hanging around.

Saturday night we lent them our car. They came back at 2 a.m. and began frying hamburgers.

"Are all our summer weekends going to be like this?" my husband groaned as we lay tensely awake in the hamburger-scented darkness.



To older children with jobs, moving out of the family home seems best—until they find that freedom costs them money.

"I'm not sure," I answered, "but I'd guess yes."

"Over my dead body," he muttered.

The next morning, Jane announced that she and Tommy wouldn't go to church. "He doesn't believe in organized religion," she explained soulfully. To maintain an aura of respectability, I stayed home, too, and my attitude was anything but spiritual.

In gentle ways we tried to get the idea across to our daughter that a little moderation would be all to the good. But after the second weekend we felt compelled to take direct action. Jane was told she would have to do certain things around the house because I needed her help. Also, we assured her, there would be no more home-cooked meals at 2 a.m., no more showers at 3. And no more weekend living at our house by her boy friend unless her father and I specifically invited him.

We admitted we might be stuffy and old-fashioned, but we didn't feel able to cope with broken sleep and upsets every weekend.

Jane said angrily that she felt she was old enough to decide for herself how much and how often she could see her boy friend. She should be old enough, she protested, to decide when she should get in. And when, she wanted to know, would she be her own boss? Her father told her that when she was ready and able to pay her own bills she could make all her decisions herself.

A few days later a quieter Jane came home from a trip to the city.

"I've had a happy home," she began, "and I want my memories of it to remain happy. But they won't be if I'm going to be treated like a child forever."

I'm glad I didn't give in to my impulse to tell her that every teenager thinks he's being treated like a child if his wishes are crossed, for she went on: "But I've been thinking that as long as my parents pay all my bills and send me $100 a month to go to college, then I am still a child." Our daughter not only has a bright mind, it's a fair one when she puts it to work on a problem.

"I don't want to be a child any longer," Jane concluded, "so I've found a job in town. I'm going to quit college and support myself."

The apartment she and a girl friend took in the city wasn't much, but it was respectable. We helped the girls move in, hoping deep inside ourselves that this wasn't the wrong thing.

As Jane packed dishes, I reminded her to put in an extra setting as Tommy might be there to eat with them sometimes. "Oh no, he won't," she answered. "Tommy is going to eat somewhere else unless he brings his own food."

"You didn't feel that way about cooking big meals for him here," I said.

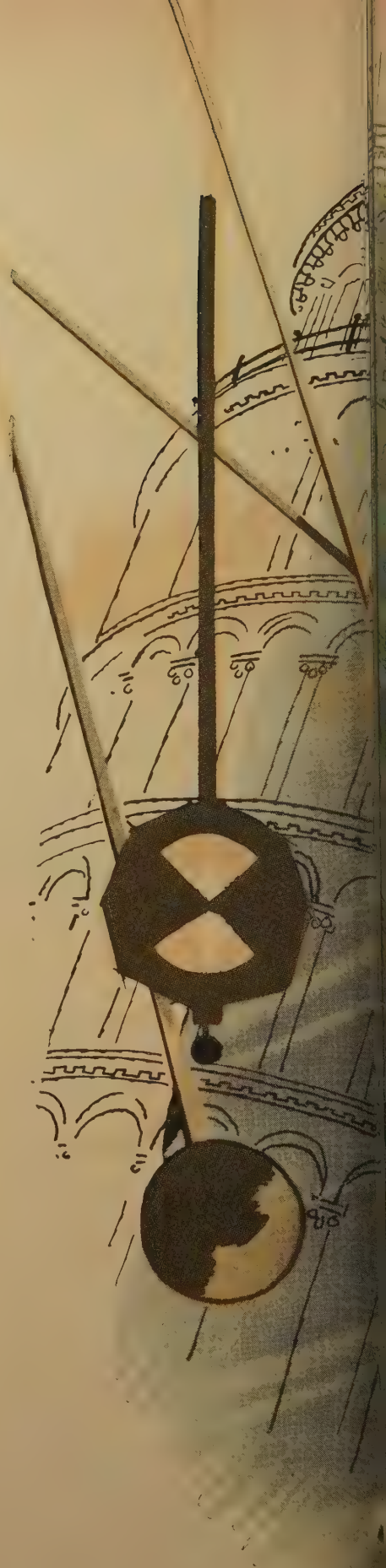
"That was different. I wasn't buying the meat then!"

Her father heard her and came up from behind his newspaper: "We've been taken, Mother, we've been taken!" And parents are likely to go on being taken by their almost grown-up children unless they have the backbone to stand up to them. When the young fledgling yells for a chance to try his wings, don't have hysterics about "my-beloved-child-turning-against-me" and all that stuff. Just step up to the edge, give the fledgling a little push, then stand aside and watch the fun. But keep the underbrush around the nest cleared away so the way back is plain.

Jane comes home occasionally and she phones us almost every day. Sometimes she invites us to be her guests, for she did pack enough dishes for her family—even if we don't bring our own groceries.

Galileo and the Word of God

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE



EVERYBODY knows three things about the 17th-century astronomer, Galileo Galilei—that he invented the telescope; that he was the first to prove that the earth revolves about the sun, and that for this belief he was tortured by the Inquisition of the Church until he recanted, only to mutter, "Nevertheless, it moves."

Everybody "knows" all this—but none of it is true.

The truth about Galileo can be found in any encyclopedia or history of astronomy. Yet, often as the truth has been told, its lessons need to be learned again by every generation. For this truth raises in our minds these questions:

Are we not making similar mistakes today against some of the men and ideas we do not understand too well? Do we not sometimes judge great new concepts by the spirit of a past which—if we had to live in it—would seem a small and stuffy intellectual realm, half-closed to freedom of thought and press and worship?

Some have even thought that Galileo must have been at heart an atheist. But no atheist would have written: "The whole of philosophy is understood only by God."

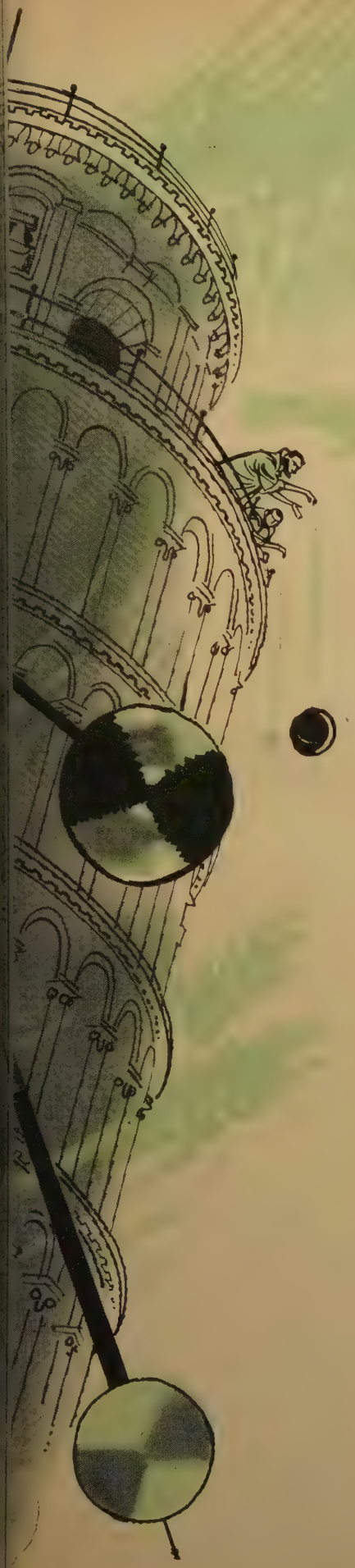
Who was this scientist with the modern mind? To place him more exactly in time, he was born the year Michelangelo died (1564), and died the year Isaac Newton was born (1642). His father was an impoverished nobleman of Florence, with a mild gift for mathematics and music. His mother was a redhead with a temper to match. Galileo had the red hair, the short temper, and mild gift for music—and a genius unsurpassed for mathematics and physics.

His early teachers, the kindly Vallambrosan Fathers, reported (with that infallibility some teachers show for being wrong) that the boy had no talent whatever for mathematics or any kind of science. Galileo's father sent him to Pisa to take a sort of pre-med course at the university there. And one day in the famous cathedral Galileo forgot the Mass to watch a silver lamp, which you can see to this day, swinging back and forth over the heads of the worshipers as it left the hand that lighted it. Of course the lamp, hung on a long chain from the lofty ceiling, gradually died down. But this 17-year-old boy perceived that the lamp took as long to complete a small arc as a wide one. Fingers on wrist, using his pulse as a timer, Galileo there in that dim old cathedral established the basic law in the dynamics of falling bodies.

At home he set pendulums swinging from every ceiling and bough; always the result was the same. When people asked, "What's the use of all this?" the lad had no definite answer; he could not look ahead and tell them that because of the pendulum it would not only be possible to make more accurate clocks but to prove the rotation of the earth.

His powers as a mathematician, largely self-taught, grew until, having quit his medical course, he was made a science professor at the University of Pisa.

Aristotle had said that a 10-pound weight would hit the ground 10 times sooner than a one-pound



weight, but Galileo did not agree. Tradition has it that with some jealous fellow teachers and a group of undergraduates as witnesses, he dropped simultaneously a one-pound weight and a 10-pound weight from Pisa's leaning tower. They hit the ground at the same time. Did his colleagues rush forward to congratulate him? Far from it! They merely shook their heads, preferring to believe their books.

In his laboratory, Galileo continued experimenting, now with bodies falling down an inclined plane. These, he found, obeyed the same laws as freely falling bodies. His theories were too much for the Aristotle-grubbing professors of Pisa. They got his pay reduced. In disgust, Galileo, now 28, resigned and moved to Venice to teach in the University of Padua, where the air of intellectual freedom was bracing.

For the next 18 years he served the great maritime republic. He designed bridges, siege machinery, and fortifications. He invented what we might call the ancestor of the slide rule.

It was in 1609 that Galileo heard, in Venice, that a Dutch spectacle-maker's assistant had discovered how a combination of two lenses could make objects appear larger—the first telescopes. True, their magnification was only three times and the image appeared upside down. Galileo promptly improved on this by a device to turn the image right side up. Then, from the top of the lofty campanile in St. Mark's Square in Venice, he demonstrated to the doge and the senators that by looking in the telescope they could see a ship 50 miles away as clearly as though it were within five miles.

The great sea power of Venice voted Galileo an increase in salary and a life professorship, and swiftly his telescopes were ordered from all parts of Europe. His own pet telescope, named "Old Discoverer" and magifying 33 diameters, he turned upon the heavens. The greatest spectacle open to mortal sight thus was revealed first to Galileo's eyes.

With darkened lenses, he discovered that the surface of the sun is swept by strong storms—sunspots, which seem to travel across its face. He realized that the apparent traveling was due to the rotation of the sun on its axis. Further sightings convinced him that Copernicus had been right when he announced in 1543 that the earth turns daily on its axis, and that it and all the other planets revolve around the sun.

This Copernican theory was contrary to Scripture. For it says in Ecclesiastes: "The sun rises and the sun goes down, and hastens to the place where it rises." To this, Galileo could reply that the Bible teaches us how to go to heaven, not how the heavens go. Yet, to save the appearance of things, church authorities wanted the antiquated Oriental astronomy of the Old Testament kept as fundamental truth, which must never be questioned. They wished Galileo to compromise by declaring that his view of the solar system was merely what they called "philosophic truth," or what some today would call "unproved theory."

However, Galileo, though ordered in 1616 by his friend, the next pope, Urban VIII, not to teach the Copernican theory of the solar system or to write about it as though it were really so, was not a man to compromise. So Galileo kept silent for years, during which time he unwisely changed his residence from the liberal University of Padua to the tyrannical, if splendid, court of the Duke of Tuscany in Florence.

In 1632 he published his famous *Dialogues Concerning Two Principal Systems,* the Copernican versus the ancient Ptolemaic notions. These dialogues have three persons talking—Galileo under another name, a man we might call Mr. Commonsense, and Simplicio, a dunce. Galileo's enemies presumed Simplicio to be a caricature of Pope Urban VIII, though the pope himself never believed it. Contempt for the Church's authority could not be tolerated even in a friend, however, so Urban set up a commission to investigate.

The trouble that the Holy Office of the Inquisition encountered was that the permission of the Inquisition to print the book had already been given in Florence. The trivial excuse of a slight change in the title page was the best that could be dug up. But the Inquisition consisted of people who were both prosecutors and judges, and had the power to condemn Galileo to torture, imprisonment, or death.

Galileo was an old man, suffering

Calling all Photographers

Remember Together's 1961 Invitational

IF YOU can take storytelling color slides and enjoy a camera challenge, we'd like your help in building TOGETHER's *fifth* reader-participation pictorial, to be published sometime in 1961. For it, we're seeking transparencies which will link Methodism's history to its present. One example is this picture, taken last summer during a special 175th-anniversary service at St. Paul's Methodist Church, Newport, R.I. It was especially appropriate that people there should have worn the dress of yesteryear, for St. Paul's is a truly historic church—the first Methodist meetinghouse in the world to have a steeple. You'll find it, and other sites precious to Methodist history, in the *Methodist Americana Map* which appeared in TOGETHER's November, 1959, issue and which now is on sale, separately, at your Cokesbury Book Store (price 50¢). TOGETHER will pay $25 for each 35-mm. slide accepted for the pictorial, $35 for larger ones. Entries, up to 10 color transparencies, must be postmarked by February 10, 1961.

The Theme: METHODIST AMERICANA

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies (color prints or color negatives are not eligible).
2. Identify each slide and explain why it is Methodist Americana.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage (do not stick stamps to anything).
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 10, 1961.
5. Original slides bought, and all reproduction rights to them, will become TOGETHER's property. (Photographers will receive duplicates for their files of all slides purchased.)
6. Slides not accepted will be returned shortly after the closing date. Care will be used in handling and returning transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged in transit.

Send to: **Methodist Americana**

TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

from gout, double hernia, and cri pling rheumatism. In addition, H was urged by the Tuscan ambassad to plead guilty and throw himself o the mercy of the court. And finall he had no desire to remain at out with his church.

Thus there ensued the dreadfu spectacle of the greatest scientist o his age reading, upon his knees, recantation of his belief in the Co pernican system. This done, Galile was condemned to prison, althoug in fact he was handled with wha was, for the Inquisition, kid glove being given a suite of rooms and garden where he might walk.

He was finally allowed to return t Florence, where he lived on a small grant of money from the Church practically a prisoner under house arrest.

Here it was that John Milton visited him, talking into the late hours with the astronomer, who wa slowly losing his sight. Great princes even princes of the Church, and famous scholars called upon the old man.

A magnificent present was of fered him by the Dutch government but Galileo had to say that he dared not accept a gift from a heretic state. Still, secretly, he managed to smuggle out in small parts his last great manuscript. It was circulated in countries where press and thought were still free. Thus, to the end, at 78, the great light burned behind the darkened eyes.

Turn back a moment for a look at Galileo's Inquisitorial judges. Note that some of the cardinals did not sign his condemnation. And neither did the pope. Whatever their reasons, they abstained, permitting the ignorant and the jealous to condemn him.

Eventually, Galileo's books were removed from the Index of the Inquisition—that is, the books that might corrupt the faith of the faithful. For science and religious faith are not, in fact, enemies. They are both paths by which man travels to find what he may honestly believe. In this day when science has armed mankind with such dread powers, and when faith is needed more desperately than ever to guide us in the use of these powers, let us be careful never to bar either path to those who seek the truth.

PICTURES TO SING A SONG OF *Faith*

MANY VIVID images must have come to Ralph Waldo Emerson's sensitive mind as he wrote the reverent poem reprinted below. But it is doubtful that even Emerson's great gift for poesy could have called up pictures of such colorful variety as those submitted by our readers in TOGETHER's fourth Photo Invitational.

This time 1,647 of you sent in a total of 10,111 color transparencies to illustrate *Father in Heaven, We Thank Thee.* With sincere pride and gratitude, we present here a sampling of the best.

Photography, of course, has advanced far beyond Emerson's day. In fact, today's color pictures and their accurate reproduction would have been beyond the wildest dreams of the great essayist-poet who lived from 1803 to 1882. But the truths and the beauties Emerson wrote about, and sought with such fervor, are unchanged. They are the eternal things: a mother's love, the burst of wild flowers on a hillside, the worn hands of a woman turning the pages of a Bible, the shimmer of a spider's web on a dewy morning, the unconscious grace and innocence of childhood. All these were there for the poet to discern a century ago, as they are for us today.

FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet
For song of bird and hum of bee
For all things fair we hear or see—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream, for blue of sky
For pleasant shade of branches high
For fragrant air and cooling breeze
For beauty of the blowing trees—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For mother love, for father care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair
For love at home and school each day
For guidance lest we go astray—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For thy dear, everlasting arms
That bear us o'er all ills and harms
For blessed words of long ago
That help us now thy will to know—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For flowers that bloom about our feet

Wild flowers on a California hill spread a colorful carpet here beneath the feet of Joyce Woolfenden, daughter of John Woolfenden, Carmel Valley, Calif., who took this picture on a weekend outing at a nearby ranch. He used a Rolleicord camera, f/11 at 1/50, and Ansco film.

For Sooky, too, the grass seems greener in other pastures—and she's doing something about it. John C. Wilson of Madison, Wis., captured this with an Argus C-3, f/8 at 1/100, on Kodachrome.

For tender grass, so fresh and sweet
For song of bird and hum of bee
For all things fair we hear or see—

FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE!

A busy bee on a bright Spring day caught the eye of Robert McWethy, an amateur nature photographer of Wichita, Kans. His Exakta was set at f/5.6 and 1/100; his film was Daylight Kodachrome.

Silvery threads of a spider web snare the gold of morning light for J. T. Rhoads of Winfield, Kans., who specializes in nature pictures. His camera was a Rico 35, f/5.6 at 1/25, on Kodachrome.

The imperial shoulders of mighty peaks are caught in the mirror of a mountain lake. Miles Peelle of Adrian, Mich., used a Rolleicord, f/11, 1/60 on Ektachrome film.

Beyond the trees loom New York's great skyscrapers, but here in the green shade of Central Park a small boy meets his grandfather in near-rural peace and quiet. Photo by C. W. Funk, Walnut Creek, Calif., using a Retina II camera, f/4 at 1/50 exposure on Kodachrome film.

For blue of stream, for blue of sky
For pleasant shade of branches high
For fragrant air and cooling breeze
For beauty of the blowing trees—

FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE!

Someday he will fly, perhaps to the moon! But here, in his small orbit above Daddy's strong arms, is one of the never-to-be forgotten thrills of a lifetime. This captivating picture was made by Mrs. Paul Burk of Cedar Falls, Iowa, with a Kodak Signet 40, f/5.6 at 1/100 on Kodachrome film. The lad is Mrs. Burk's young son, Kevin Kyle, two.

For mother love,
for father care,
For brothers strong
and sisters fair
For love at home
and school each day
For guidance
lest we go astray—

FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE!

What wonderful stories big people tell! Childhood's eternal fascination with the world around them is the theme of this photograph by Helen Walters, Los Angeles, Calif., on high-speed Ektachrome, f/2.4 at 1/25.

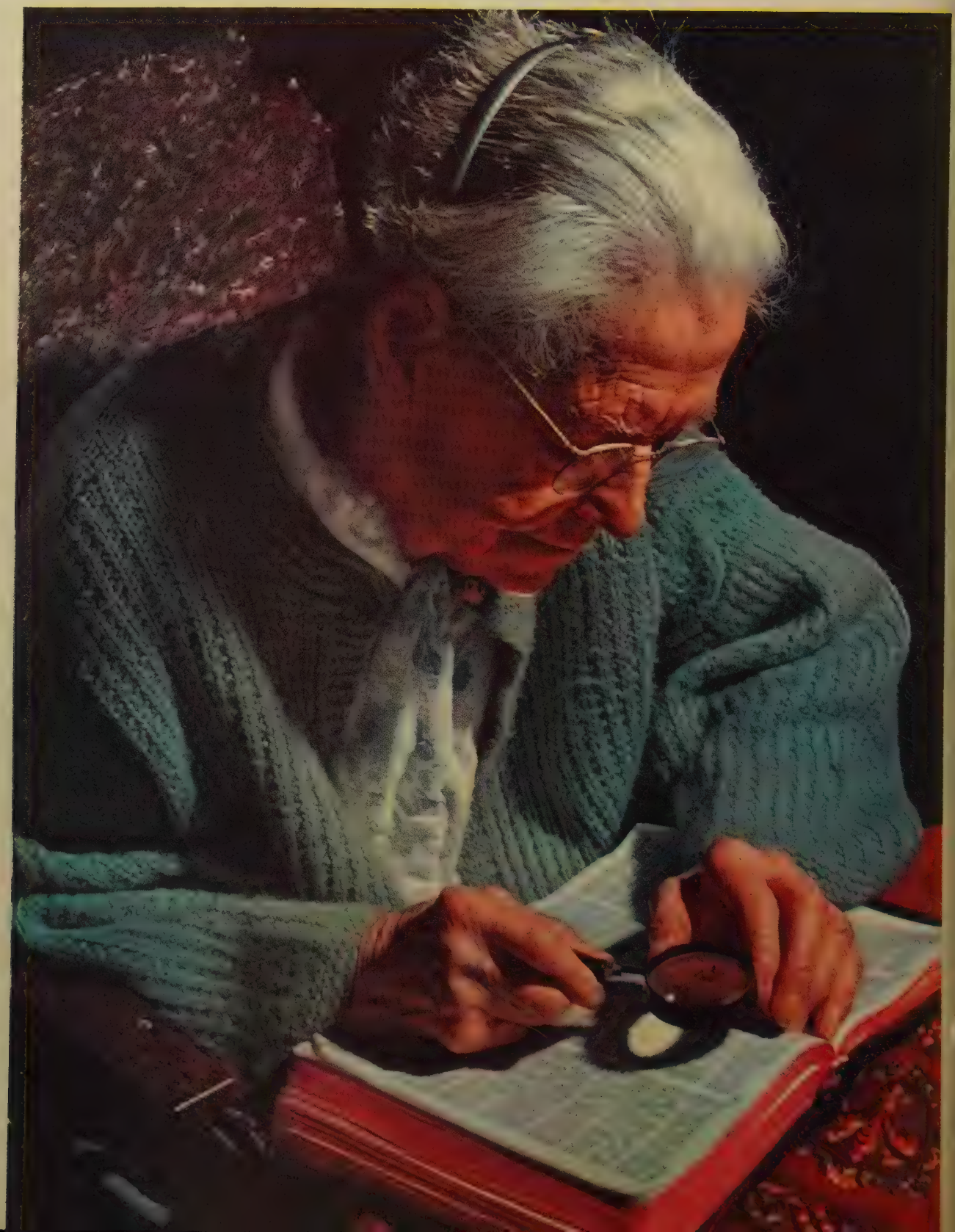
Playmates: Kenneth Moss is only five, but he's like a big brother to Gail Henderson, three, at Spokane, Wash. The photo is by Robert Henderson, who used a Rival 35, f/8 at 1/50, Kodachrome.

For thy dear, everlasting arms
That bear us o'er all ills and harms

For blessed words of long ago
That help us now thy will to know—

FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE!

The years have been long, the road not always easy, but the precious Book beneath her hands remains her constant source of inspiration and consolation. The photo is by Art Miller, Redlands, Calif., Miranda camera, f/11 at 1/50, Kodachrome, using a strobe light held at the right of the camera.



A plea every church member should heed:

Let's Not Waste Our Pastors

By MRS. 'REV. BOB' HOLMES, Rapid City, S.Dak.

"OUR PREACHER hasn't called on us for months!" . . . "Ministers just don't make calls as they used to." . . . "I know he's busy, but a pastor should drop in once in a while, at least on his active members."

If you haven't said something like this recently, you've probably heard it. For even in cities, many people still have the image of the small-town pastor with plenty of time for calls. He took his calling orders alphabetically from the membership list, stopping in regularly at every home to test the corn bread and see how Jessie was coming with her algebra.

Times have changed. The modern minister cares just as much about his parishioners, but friendly calling is only one of many important functions. He is expected to team with doctor and lawyer to promote the total health and welfare of anyone in—or outside of—his congregation. A vast radio and TV audience may lay on his heart as a part of his mission, or he may have responsibilities for such groups as Alcoholics Anonymous, city and state councils of churches, the USO, labor-relations boards, or a myriad of other community enterprises that today request the guidance of the professional servant of God.

Moreover, in any fast-growing parish, when the minister calls to pass the time of day with a loyal member who is getting along just fine, he may do so at the expense of somebody who needs him badly.

Every time he rings a doorbell his conscience asks, "Is this where I'm needed most?" Probably within his reach are enough families and young people in trouble to keep him busy every hour of every day.

Early in my husband's first pastorate he tried an experiment. He gave to his Pastoral Relations Committee a list of the areas of his responsibilities: administrative details, study and sermon preparation, community

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

About the first of August every year, while the thermometer hovers near 100 degrees, an Arizona church puts this sign on its bulletin board: "You think it's hot here?"
—Mrs. Daisy Haines, *Westford, Pa.*

●

Seven-year-old Jimmy was always restless in church, so his mother was pleased one Sunday when he sat quietly through a long prayer.

Later she expressed appreciation.

"That fly," Jimmy explained, "walked in and out of my hands 265 times."
—Mrs. E. M. Kistler, *Bluffton, Ind.*

●

"Folks," said the minister, "the subject of my sermon this evening is 'Liars.' How many in this congregation have read the 69th chapter of Matthew?"

Nearly every hand was raised.

"That's right," said the minister. "You are the folks I want to preach to. There is no 69th chapter of Matthew!"
—Mrs. Henry Johnson, *Greensburg, Ky.*

●

Discussing our soft living, a speaker recently said, "When I was a boy I worked 12 to 14 hours a day on the ranch. On Sunday I rode a mule 10 miles to church, and when I got there sang *Work for the Night Is Coming.*

"Now the ranch is mechanized, and when Sunday comes my grandson and his family get in a softly cushioned car, drive over paved roads to church, where they sit in a cushioned pew, and listen to a paid choir sing *Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?"*
—Robert H. Smith, *Canton, N.Y.*

●

Why not share your favorite church-related chuckle with Together? *If it is printed, you'll receive $5. Sorry—no contributions can be returned, so please don't enclose postage.*—Eds.

service, radio and TV, outside speeches, church meetings, interdenominational work, calling on church members and others.

"How much time should I give to each?" he asked.

The answers showed that several people were unwittingly expecting 100 hours a week from their minister. One had a total of 135, which would leave less than five hours a day for eating, sleeping, and playing with the kids! My husband was not surprised that most of his committee thought he could prepare a sermon in three or four hours. What did shake him was that they wanted him to spend the largest portion of his time calling on members.

I suggest that it is reasonable to give your minister the same consideration you extend to your doctor. When you need him, you call him, even if it's only for a cold. But meeting him on the street you don't say, "Drop in for coffee sometime, Doctor," expecting him to read your mind and divine that you have a pain, nor do you expect him to see all of his patients—plus every new family in the neighborhood—every six months, sick or well.

Every physician has intimate friends, of course, who drop in to see him on occasion and invite him to their homes. But he doesn't have hundreds of them! Patients make appointments to see him when they need him. Why should a minister not have the same kind of understanding with parishioners?

Mrs. Jones may have smiled when she said, on emerging from church last Sunday, "I'm still saving that fruitcake for you, Reverend," but he knew that she was counting the months since she had first asked him to "bring the family and come over some evening." Please, Mrs. Jones, if you want him to call, phone and make an appointment.

The pastor is concerned with each individual, of course. He strives to build an understanding relationship with each family, but once it is established he would be wrong to spend hours with these families at the expense of others in distress.

Your pastor is genuinely pleased to be of any real service to people—be the service large or small, be the person a pillar of the church or a stranger who has called from the city jail. He wants to know your tensions, to share your joys, to help your son decide about college.

He'll try to be on hand for Grandma's 90th birthday party. But don't expect him to remember her birthday without some help, and don't move to another church if he doesn't get there. He may be sitting in the hospital with a young mother whose husband is overseas and who has just lost her first baby. Or he may be chatting, seemingly jovial and relaxed, with a waitress who is an unwed mother-to-be and desperately in need of counsel.

Contrary to some churchmen's wishes, many of their pastor's hours are spent with people who will never give anything back to the church. This is as it should be. You pay your pastor to serve human need wherever he meets it. You don't expect an itemized account of every soul he touches with the healing love of God. You trust him to seek God's help in deciding the priority of the needs, which always outnumber the hours he has to minister to them.

He would not trade his profession for any other job in the world. There is no work that pays so well in the real value of life. Granted, he is frustrated by the impossibility of his task. But every conscientious man of God comes to feel more and more of the peace that kept Jesus going.

Your pastor wants you to call for him when you need him and he wants you to repeat your request if he seems to forget. Let him know if elderly Mrs. Smith is hurt because he hasn't called on her since she fell and broke her hip. He may have missed his secretary's note informing him of this. Very likely he can make time for such demands.

Every day a miracle happens that makes urgent things wait for each other in order. There is also a miracle that occurs in every servant of God which gives him strength to meet vital needs.

So use your pastor. Enjoy him. Let him serve you in every way that he is especially prepared to help. But keep in mind that he is called and trained to fulfill many responsibilities in a world that stands in desperate need of Christian leadership. If you believe in the stewardship of the Lord's hours and minutes—don't waste your pastor!

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Q *I was popular my first two years in high school. Now I am a senior. I have not had a date for many months. Some college boys have asked me out. But I'm permitted to date only high-school boys and they aren't interested. What can I do?—S.E.*

A Keep busy in MYF, Y-Teens, and similar activities. Go to Sunday school and church. Give the high-school boys a chance to find you.

Q *I'm a boy of 12, but I feel like a teen-ager. There is a girl in our class who chases me. Sometimes she runs up and kicks me. She says it is because she loves me. Are all girls stupid that way?—B.S.*

A Some of them are. Girls grow up faster than boys. They have crushes before boys do. Be polite to her. She'll change eventually.

Q *I am a girl of 17. Accidentally I found out something disgraceful about my father. I used to think he was strong. Now I know he is weak. Should I tell my mother?—M.S.*

A I suggest you talk first with your father. You may not have the facts. Let him know you love him and want to help him.

Q *I am a girl of 16. When there is work to do at home, I'm treated like an adult. When I want to go out with a boy I'm treated like a child. Why can't my parents be consistent?—J.B.*

A They feel you are grown physically, but not mature emotionally. They love you and want to protect you. Do your best to get them to talk with the parents of the other good girls of your age in the neighborhood. They'll find most of them can have dates. Prove to them that you are responsible. Get them to meet the boys you might go out with. Then they may relent.

Q *I fell for a boy at church camp last summer when I was 14. We went steady while we were there. However, he said we shouldn't go steady during the year. We're too far apart. He thinks we should date others, except during camp. Is he right?—F.Y.*

A I believe so.

Q *I'm a girl of 13. I have a big brother who is 20. I've always been proud of him. Recently he became engaged to a girl. Now he never has any time for me. He doesn't even listen when I talk. He hurts my feelings. What shall I do?—C.L.*

A People always change when they become engaged. They have a consuming new interest in life. They spend much less time at home. Engaged couples need to be with each other. Ask your mother to tell your brother how you feel. Probably she can persuade him to be a bit more considerate.

Q *My sister and I are writing together. I'm 15, she is 13. Our mother drinks too much. We don't bring our friends home because she would embarrass us. We do the housework. All we get at home is fighting and arguments. Mama will not go to Alcoholics Anonymous. Our doctor says there is nothing wrong with her physically. Would people blame us if we ran away?—J.R.*

A Yes. Don't run away. It would make matters worse. Is there any way to get your mother to go to a psychiatrist or a psychologist? Perhaps your father and your family doctor together could persuade her. There are several good psychologists at your nearby college. Your mother is emotionally sick. If she gets the right help, she will recover.

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"Brother Forbes' preaching on Sodom and Gomorrah never fails to thrill me!"

Q *I'm a girl of 16. I don't like the boys of my age. They're childish. I made friends with a man in our town. He is about 25. He is married and has two children. Twice I got him to hug and kiss me. Yesterday he told me we could not see each other again. He said he loved his wife, not me. Do I have to give him up?—M.A.*

A Yes, you must. Keep busy with your school friends. Date boys of 17 or 18. Don't see or talk with the man again. You made a bad mistake.

Q *I am a boy of 15. I am worried about my dad. His old job put too much strain on him. Fifteen months ago he had a heart attack. He got well slowly. The doctor told him to take it easy, smoke less, eat less, and worry less. Recently he went into business for himself. Now he works 12 to 15 hours*

Dr. Nall Answers Questions about

Your Faith and Your Church

Why is the Song of Songs *in the Bible?*

A good question, for the book is a collection of love poems, undeniably and unabashedly sensual. They describe the rapturous delights and exquisite torments of two lovers, courting in the Palestinian spring and going through the marriage festivities with their family and friends.

First-century rabbis made this into an allegory of relationships between Jehovah and his covenant people, and Christian apologists called it the love story of the individual soul with Christ. (Note how often the mystic calls his Lord "Beloved.")

Present-day scholarship is inclined to write off these allegorical interpretations and take a realistic view, but it is certain that without the allegorizing the Canticles would never have been included in the sacred Scriptures.

Is there a "true" Church?

Without doubt, and it was really founded by Jesus Christ on the rock of Peter's confession. But no church has ever measured up and no present church attains the stature of the standards Christ set. All churches are imperfect, struggling in sin. Christ is not yet their head.

The true Church is the people of the Kingdom of God, yet the Church, as an organization and institution, is not identical with the Kingdom. Anyone with eyes to see knows that the Kingdom has not come, although a beginning has been made, and the Church may be said to be "the spearhead of the Kingdom." Even in the churches there is resistance to God's will. Obviously, no church is the true Church where there is such opposition.

Remember Paul's words: "Christ loved the church and gave himself up for her, that he might sanctify her, having cleansed her by the washing of water with the word, that the church might be presented before him in splendor, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, that she might be holy and without blemish."

What do Methodists believe about the "apostolic succession"?

We do not accept the notion that a minister must be ordained by the "laying on of hands" of a bishop, who was ordained by another bishop, and he by still another, reaching back to the apostles.

True enough, the idea of bishops ordaining is old, dating back probably to the third or fourth century. But in the New Testament we find the people "electing" while the apostles "appoint" and set apart by prayer, as well as laying on hands.

This reference to hands is common in the New Testament, although it probably means, in some instances, election to the episcopal office by a "show of hands."

The God-given qualities that make men and women good ministers do not come from the "laying on of hands."

The author of books and pamphlets, Dr. Nall is well qualified to answer questions on faith and church. He is a graduate of Garrett Biblical Institute and has been active in Methodist journalism since 1922. He now edits the *Christian Advocate.*

a day. He worries all the time. He ha started smoking again. When I ask hi to take it easy he gets mad. He say I nag him. What should I do?—C.H

A Join forces with your mothe and your father's doctor. Pe haps the three of you can prevail upo your father to rearrange his life. Praye may help, also.

Q *Is it wrong for me to read movi magazines? I'm a girl of 14. M mother can't stand them. She says the are not sinful, but are a waste of time Do you agree?—L.P.*

A Most girls go through a perio of being movie-magazine ad dicts. Then they discover that there are many better things to do. I agree wit your mother, but I understand how you feel. Time will solve your difficulty

Q *I am a girl of 14. My boy friend is 18. We go to a drive-in theater every Saturday night. We make out So do all the other kids. My boy friend wants to go further than I permit. My problem is that secretly I want to give in to him. Am I abnormal? Why do I feel this way?—C.R.*

A You feel this way because you are maturing and have strong reproductive instincts. You must continue to say, "No." It is a serious mistake for you to make out at all. It would be best for you to stop dating this boy. If you date at all, go with someone nearer your own age. I hope you'll stay away from drive-in theaters. They have become a source of immorality in many communities.

Q *I'm a girl of 14. I go to church every Sunday. I believe in salvation through Christ. However, lately I have not wanted to go to church. I still read my Bible every night, but it makes me uneasy. I am ashamed of feeling this way. Where can I go for advice?—A.G.*

A Make an appointment to see your minister. You'll find he is a wonderful counselor.

Q *My parents are having trouble. My father often stays out late. He comes home smelling of liquor. Then he and mother have big fights. Recently I saw my mother kissing*

nother man. I can't get my parents to o to church. I'll die if they get a livorce. Is there any way to get my nother and father to love each other gain?—V.Y.

A marriage counselor probably could help. There are good ones n the staff of the Family Service Asso- iation in your city. You'll find the ddress in the phone book. Try to get our parents to go there together. 'rayer may help, too.

I am a boy of 14. I am not developing as fast as the other oys. They tease me about it. I'm afraid o go to school now. Am I slow because m fat, or is there some other reason? What can I do?—B.R.

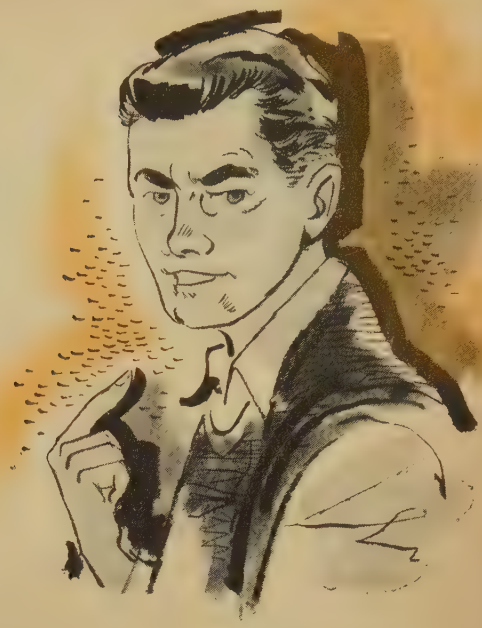
There are great differences in the rate at which young folks evelop. I've known dozens who had he same problem. They were develop- ng normally, for them. But their ormal rate was slow. They had to ve through it. A few boys are slow o develop because of physical im- alances. They can be helped by the ght medicines. Ask your folks to rrange for a good doctor to give you complete physical examination.

I'm 16. Is it wrong for me to be interested in boys? Or to want o have fun with my friends? I'm being aised by my grandparents who say I m frivolous. They think all teen-agers re sinners. Isn't it possible for a girl o be a good Christian and still enjoy fe?—D.S.

I believe it is. However, be patient with your grandparents. hey love you and worry about you. hey have a hard time remembering heir own teen years. Try not to argue vith them. You should be interested n boys. You need to meet many of nem and learn to judge them. Fun is ll right too, provided it is clean fun nd not the only goal in life. You can e a good Christian and still be a happy en-ager.

TEENS: *If you have a question, Dr. Barbour has the answer. Mail your problem to him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. We keep identities confidential.*—EDS.

When Does GOD Bless Us?



By ROY L. SMITH

A COMMON petition in our prayers is to ask God to bless us. We ask his blessing on our meetings, our gifts, and our lives.

What do we really mean when we ask God to lay his blessing upon us? Do we have any doubt about God's willingness to stand by us when we are right; to assist us when we are moving in the right direction; to multiply our effectiveness when we are trying to do his will?

How many times have we prayed for the blessing of God when what we actually wanted was for God to bless choices we had made without consulting him?

Almost daily we have to make difficult decisions. Different alternatives appear equally good. Finally, we use our best judgment, decide the matter one way or another, and proceed. How many times in such situations do we ask for the guidance of the Holy Spirit? If we do not seek the judgment of God, what right do we have to expect God to endorse our decision?

How can we expect God to approve a decision in which his judgment was never asked, his preferences never considered?

Sometimes we ask God to bless our efforts when we have no real desire to do his will. We come to our conclusion and then hope to insure its successful outcome by asking for God's blessing.

One day a boy asked his pastor to pray for him in a financial matter. Solemnly he said, "If I can get enough people to pray for me I can make this thing work." His pastor asked what he proposed to do with his profits. The boy explained he intended to go into a business involving a serious moral question.

"How can you expect God to bless you when the thing you propose is morally wrong?" his pastor asked. The boy replied, "If a man can't expect God to help him, what is there to religion?" This implies that God is like an errand boy, expected to help without asking questions.

One of the important lessons every Christian must learn is that some of God's blessings are accompanied by unpleasant circumstances.

Skill is never achieved except at the cost of serious work. Character is never fashioned except at the cost of strict, sometimes painful, discipline. Some of the rarest virtues in life are attained only by way of pain. If God sends pain in answer to our prayer for a blessing, are we to regard it as affliction?

There is an Old Testament tale involving Jacob which illustrates our point. He found himself wrestling with an unknown antagonist. Suspecting that he was dealing with God, he exclaimed, "I will not let you go until you bless me." And from that hour to the end of his life he walked as a lame man. But he achieved immortality!

When we ask God to bless us we are never able to specify the form in which the blessing may come. It often appears as a misfortune, or even as a tragedy. But God's blessing is there.

Making it easy for us is not always God's way of blessing. God's greatest favors can come in heavy loads that make us strong; baffling situations that make us cautious; profound questions that compel us to think, and suffering that constrains us to seek his presence.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

AUGUST 7

See what love the Father has given us, that we should be called children of God; and so we are.—1 John 3:1

WE ARE the children of God, and this lays a burden of necessity on each of us.

Calling late one evening, I approached a lumberjack's cabin and when a voice shouted, "Come in!" I entered. Introducing myself, I started to hand the man my card. He waved me off, saying he was an atheist.

I made no comment, but saw that he was crippled. I asked, and he told me of the logging accident that had maimed him. I was interested in him, and in a few minutes he was waving me to a chair.

I wrote his name in my book, and when he asked why I told him it was to help me remember it; I was coming back to visit him because he was lonely. He liked my concern, even about him, "an atheist." Since then, I have received a warm welcome each time I have called.

Perhaps he is part of the world which does not know us as "children of God," because there is no place for God in his life. Still, to him and every man, we must be Christian.

Again and again I shall call at his cabin and share and help him when I can. Someday the respect and love that result can be the way for my friend to find God and realize his own sonship.

Perhaps:

We are the only Bible
The careless world will read;
We are the sinner's Gospel,
We are the scoffer's creed. . . .
—Annie Johnson Flint

Prayer: Eternal God, let there be nothing more important to us than to be "children of God" to our fellow men. Amen.

—CARL BEAL

AUGUST 14

And one called to another and said: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory."—Isaiah 6:3

"THE LAND that God forgot." This is a phrase used to describe the desert areas of the Southwest where scrubby mesquite trees, stunted greasewood bushes, grotesque and ugly cacti combine to produce a barren and desolate-appearing land.

At times some of us feel, "I am the person God forgot." A sorrow, disaster, or even the ordinary perplexities of life cause us to feel that God's love and glory are far removed from us.

However, if you will look carefully among the mesquites, greasewood, cacti and other ugly desert plants, you will find signs of great beauty—delicate purple desert flowers, intricate patterns of tiny plants, the rare bloom of the century plant. Even the homely cacti take on an air of beauty when you understand their amazing adaptability to their environment.

Soon you begin to realize that the desert is most certainly not a land which God somehow overlooked. Instead, it is full of his glory in its own wonderful and unique way. The same thing can be said of even the most remote and barren wastelands, for the whole earth—including its deserts—is full of his glory.

Each life, too, is full of God's glory, especially at times of sorrow or tragedy, when it can be sensitive to the common, everyday expressions of God's love and concern. Then we may discover that we are not people God forgot, but rather are people to whom the glory of God is made more real.

Despite such tragedies we know that God's sun still rises and sets with amazing regularity; the law of gravity has not been repealed, and his love and power are still available to us in the same, certain way.

When darkness is greatest, the light from a single candle shines brightest. Where the desert is most barren, the single, delicate blossom is the most beautiful. When a life is most sorrow-filled, the love of God we take for granted is the most real. The whole earth, and our entire beings, are surely full of his glory.

Prayer: Help us, our Father, to see your love and glory expressed to us in the common, everyday experiences of our lives. Cause us never to get so involved in our own self-seeking pursuits that we forget to appreciate the many expressions of divine concern that are our heritage. Help us to stay mindful of your love in every situation of life; we pray in Jesus' name. Amen.

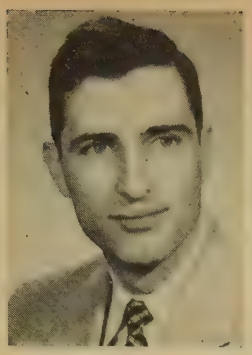
—DAVID F. LEHMBERG

AUGUST 21

But the Lord of hosts is exalted in justice, and the Holy God shows himself holy in righteousness.—Isaiah 5:16

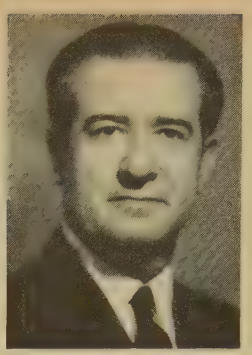
THE CRAZE to get something for nothing is upon the American public. One needs but read a newspaper to find verification—buy a chance here, take a chance there, get a ticket to this or that bingo game.

Carl Beal
Pierce, Idaho



David F. Lehmberg
Tucson, Ariz.

O. W. Bell
Bath, Maine



Ted Hightower
Louisville, Ky.

In a Boston downtown store a large crucifix was placed in the display window with a sign: "This beautiful crucifix on easy terms."

One wondered if that storekeeper had any idea of the incongruity, almost sacrilege, of the phrase he had used: a cross that could be purchased on easy terms!

We know that a cross can never be purchased cheaply. You just don't take up any kind of cross on easy terms. The terms of the cross are suffering, sacrifice, blood, pain, anguish, and even death.

Nor does anyone win anything worth winning on easy terms. Someone has written, "Out of sorrow have the worlds been built; at the birth of a child or a star, there is pain."

The worth-while things of life —the birth of a child, the building of a family unit, the evolution of love through travail and pain, a war to win everlasting peace—these things, too, are not available to us on easy terms. They come only through much hard suffering, sacrifice, wounds, anxiety, loneliness, and even death.

Justice and righteousness do not come on easy terms. Even God had to take the hard way to prove his love and holiness. He had to give his son to prove his justice and righteousness. Hard terms, not easy ones for our Father to bear. May we always remember that even the incidents of the New Testament cost somebody something, and if they are to have any value for us today, they must be lived on hard—not easy—terms.

Prayer: Our Father God, teach us when the way is rough and the path is dark with sorrow and pain that your plan for the salvation of the world led you to a cross. Help us to see that righteousness and justice, the hard way perhaps, will one day bring a holy light into our hearts and upon our pathway. Amen.

—O. W. BELL

AUGUST 28

> *For thus said the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel, "In returning and rest you shall be saved; in quietness and in trust shall be your strength."*
> —Isaiah 30:15

OUR SCRIPTURE sentence today has frequently been interpreted as a "do nothing" suggestion. This is erroneous.

The beauty of Isaiah 30:15 is in understanding the word which has come to us as "salvation." The Greek word from which our word "salvation" is translated has the root meaning of "the safe return." If we look at this in the light of the parable of the prodigal son and of the total Scripture teaching of the relationship of man to God and the program of God's redemption for man, we will see how wonderfully the two ideas fit together. "In returning and rest you shall be saved," fits exactly into the idea of "the safe return" bringing salvation. In fact, the safe return is salvation.

All this would lead us to see that God brought his children into the world so related to himself that salvation is the estate of those who have not wandered away from the Father's house. This wandering away comes to be so nearly a universal human experience that the plan of redemption and salvation making "the safe return" possible was a necessity on the part of our heavenly Father.

In the redemptive work and program of Jesus Christ, our heavenly Father has made the safe return both possible and available to all who would undertake to heed and follow. It is this invitation of the Father "to return" and his providing the method and pathway through which we can make "the safe return" which provide our salvation in deed and in truth.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life," said Jesus, and here is the path, the source, and the fruit of our safe return.

The Prodigal Son never would have made his safe return if he merely had resolved to do it and let it go at that. He also had to believe that the way was open to him, and then actually set out on the trip home. Only then did he make the safe return and receive a glorious reward.

Let each of us realize that we do not enter our Father's house through good works or through inactive and passive good intentions, but by "arising and going."

How far down the road we have traveled is relatively unimportant. The major consideration is whether we desire to make and are willing to undertake "the safe return." If we are, then we need to hear again the words of the prophet: "In returning and rest you shall be saved." This is our hope. Let it also be the goal of our eternal search.

Prayer: O God, our Father, let thy invitation to return and rest be our goal and our eternal search, so that whatever be the temptation to turn from the path to thy home, we shall remember that by returning and resting there we are saved. Amen.

—TED HIGHTOWER

Can you think of anything cooler than a polar bear in a pool? Neither could Barnabas, and he shares this picture from Polar Bear Brothers *(Harper, $2.75) as a special summer treat. It's one of 28 sparkling photographs by Ylla that illustrate Crosby Newell's delightful story for young children.*

Barnabas

Looks at New Books

SEVERAL years ago Bishop **Gerald Kennedy** became so absorbed in the spiritual significance of the parables for modern man that he began to preach on them whenever he had an opportunity. Now these sermons are compiled in THE PARABLES (Harper, $3.50).

The result is a book for every Christian who has been strengthened by the timeless message of the stories Jesus told. Of them, Bishop Kennedy says: "Some are difficult and all are disturbing. All of them speak to us with the freshness of this morning's newspaper."

So does his book.

According to **Gordon Powell**, author of HAPPINESS IS A HABIT (Hawthorn, $2.95), all you do is make up your mind to be happy and there you are, happy as a clam. But the author is ready and able to prove his point and he does it in simple, readable writing. As case histories he uses the lives of some unusual, successful, and happy people. Trust in, and a daily tryst with, God are major starting points.

This is a book, not just to read, but to be kept handy for reference in case of a loss of buoyancy.

To many, New York is a restless, impersonalized anthill. Not so to the late **Meyer Berger** of *The Times*. Berger hunted to find the individual in the city of 8 million—to draw out the thread of a man's life at a moment of drama or quiet pain. Then he told the story in his column, *About New York*.

Now Random House has compiled selections from those columns in MEYER BERGER'S NEW YORK ($4.95). The book is as varied as the city. Once it's factual —an engineer's data on the reinforced Brooklyn Bridge. Next it's lyrical—a description of the Christmas-bright city, heavy with glitter and warmed with joy.

Berger's most picturesque descriptions are in terms of people—for he himself was a humanist. So when he pictures the city, burning bright under a night sky, it is from the observation post of the Skywatch. When he tells of the gaudy festivities for the Chinese New Year, it is through the eyes of the young boys who man the great dragons that will prowl on parade. And for all the average people in the world's greatest city, Mike Berger had a kinship, a warmth—a love. You can feel it pulsing in this, his last book.

RETURN TO JAPAN (Lippincott, $4.50) views a country and a people through the eyes of love. American Quaker

lizabeth Gray Vining was, from 946 to 1950, tutor to Crown Prince kihito. Since then she has made two turn visits to the land she has come love with rare depth and under-anding. The first was in 1957, when e traveled widely and visited with e royal family and other friends. The cond was in April, 1959, when she as the only non-Japanese guest at the rown Prince's wedding.

Warmly and candidly, she tells of informal evening with the imperial mily, conversations with scholars and liticians, visits with her former pupil d his bride. Only in the last chapter es she write of weightier matters. he Japanese, she says, live not so uch by rigid standards of right and rong as by concepts of what is appro-riate. "It is of the greatest importance," e warns, "that we respect [their] lf-respect; that we do not regard pan as a satellite and that we give r no grounds for supposing that we ."

Queen Victoria personally chose rincess Mary of Teck to marry Vic-ria's grandson and heir to the British rone, apathetic Prince "Eddy" Albert ictor. The Queen felt the young girl ssessed the qualities—a good educa-n, inner discipline, and a level head to offset the prince's inadequacies.

Six weeks before the scheduled wed-ng, Prince "Eddy" died. His fiancée und solace among the members of s family, particularly Prince George, Eddy's" brother, who had become heir the throne.

When Mary and George were mar-ed a year and a half later, in July, 893, many looked on the union as one pity. But long letters exchanged by e two indicate otherwise. These let-rs and other intimate papers were ven to **James Pope-Hennessy** by itain's present Queen Elizabeth II hen she commissioned him to write e biography of her grandmother. he result, QUEEN MARY 1867-1953 Knopf, $10), is an exceptionally arm and human book for an author-ed biography. It reveals a woman of ep devotion to God, country, family, d her fellow man.

Charles Ray Goff's new book, HAPEL IN THE SKY (Abingdon, $2), ad its beginning in sermons the pastor the Chicago Temple has delivered the *Methodist Men's Hour*. Its title me from the exquisite chapel his urch built high in the steeple of the yscraper it owns and occupies in hicago's Loop [see *Chapel in the Sky*, nuary, 1957, page 3].

In his own unique way of combining rious thinking with an informal, re-xed way of writing, Dr. Goff de-ribes the nature of God and how we ay communicate with him, the vari-

To Understand Our Homeless Millions

The twistings of world events have left 40 million men, women, and children in refugee camps in Europe and Asia. How has this happened? What can we do?

The High Tower of Refuge (*Praeger, $6.75*) is an inspiring account of refugee relief written by ***Edgar H. S. Chandler,*** who heads the World Council of Churches' Refugee Service.

They Are Human Too . . . (*Regnery, $6.50*) brings us face to face with the Arab refugees of the Gaza Strip through pictures and text by photo-journalist ***Per-Olow Anderson.***

The Yellow Wind (*Houghton Mifflin, $6*) is Canadian Newsman ***William Stevenson***'s ancedote-filled report of the Communist wave which has driven refugees out of China.

The Undefeated (*Little, Brown, $4.50*) tells the story of the Hungarian revolt and flight of freedom-loving people from a satellite nation, by ***George Paloczi-Horvath.***

The Changing Middle East (*John Day, $5.75*) gives us a comprehensive view of that explosive area, with emphasis on the critical decade, 1950-1960, by ***Emil Lengyel.***

A History of Russia (*Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $6.50*), by ***John Lawrence,*** is a readable history of the country responsible for much of the refugee problem.

United Nations: Hope for a Divided World (*Holt, $4*) lets us see the workings of the world organization through the eyes of ***Sir Leslie Munro,*** who has been its president.

ous characteristics of Christian living, and ways of handling problems and finding purpose and direction in our lives. It's valuable guidance for leading a Christian life in today's world.

The late Lloyd Lewis started an ambitious project—a three-volume biography of Ulysses S. Grant. It was a loss to historians and Americana fans when he unfortunately died just about the time the first volume, *Captain Sam Grant,* was published. Now, after a lapse of some years, **Bruce Catton,** Pulitzer Prize-winning Civil War historian, has picked up the dropped torch. His new volume—GRANT MOVES SOUTH (Little, Brown, $6.50)—is the second in the projected series.

Catton is an excellent writer and is steeped in his subject. The book moves swiftly, carrying the reader down the Mississippi as the dogged West Pointer hammers away until he cuts the Confederacy in half at Vicksburg. He makes Old Three Stars come alive and re-creates the day-by-day triumphs and frustrations of the long, bitter campaign.

However, whether Grant was as skillful as Catton believes is open to question. Some experts have expressed the belief that if Stonewall Jackson had been fighting in the Western theater, Grant would have been thrashed long before Vicksburg fell. Others have asked what would have happened later, in Virginia, if Robert E. Lee had had the unfailing supplies which Grant enjoyed, while Grant had had to keep a half-starved, half-clothed, ill-equipped and outnumbered army in the field as Lee did. In reading Catton's excellent works, perhaps these points should be kept in mind.

Ironic, isn't it, that the lifesaving wonders of medical science have brought man a terrible problem. Yet the accelerated growth of world population, especially in the underdeveloped areas of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, is a major threat to free society.

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION AND CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY (Oxford, $4.25) is the first full-length analysis from the Protestant viewpoint. Written by **Richard M. Fagley,** executive secretary of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs, it discusses the church's growing awareness of the population problem, religious obstacles, and persistent governmental neglect. A more widely held and vigorously supported Christian doctrine of responsible parenthood is imperative, Fagley says.

With boyish excitement, I used to follow accounts of the big-game hunts of Theodore Roosevelt, Martin Johnson, and Frank Buck, and I've missed few documentary movies on African wildlife since. But it wasn't until the other day that I ran across a book which made the animals and primitive people of the Dark Continent really come to life for me.

The book is **Alan Moorehead**'s NO ROOM IN THE ARK (Harper, $5). Keen eyes and a talented pen have given Moorehead the ability to share in print the sights, sounds, odors, even the feel of a journey he made from Johannesburg to Khartoum. Thus, while the book is well illustrated, it was this author's word magic that made me feel I was really there.

Don't get NO ROOM IN THE ARK mixed up with another, published almost simultaneously; OUT OF NOAH'S ARK (Houghton Mifflin, $6.50) by **Herbert Wendt,** is an excellent, authoritative volume, but somewhat scholarly. It blends science and literature, tracing the world-wide animal kingdom from early legend and superstition to zoological fact.

It's interesting to learn that man's first imaginings of such monsters as dragons, or such oddities as unicorns, usually had some basis in fact.

Stories of the great Midwestern rivers always fascinate me, especially when they deal with some phase of steamboating. So **Virginia S. Eifert**'s DELTA QUEEN (Dodd, Mead, $3.50), though written for young people, kept me entranced.

I've seen the *Queen* several times, but I never realized she is really "one of a kind." Never has there been a steamboat like the heroine of this book. She was built in Scotland in 1926, then taken apart and shipped by freighter to San Francisco to be rebuilt as a

A Queen glides proudly past Memphis.

modern 285-foot stern-wheeler for California rivers.

After adventures worthy of a deep-sea yarn, including service in the Navy and a 5,000-mile ocean voyage, the *Delta Queen* reached the Mississippi, where she steams proudly today between Ohio and Louisiana. Hers is a stirring story, and a co-worker wh knows a fair bit about towboating an river life tells me it is authentic as wel

Too expensive for most home l braries, but worth knowing about, the ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD ART bein published by McGraw-Hill. When th massive work is complete, it will co sist of 15 volumes containing mo than 7,000 printed pages and 7,50 illustrations. The first volume, cove ing art from Aalto to Asia and costin $32, now has appeared. Successive vo umes will be issued quarterly.

Material is presented in the form c essays supplemented by illustration and a comprehensive bibliography. Th roster of contributors is internationa

How times change! The current edi tion of **Emily Post**'s ETIQUETTE (Funk & Wagnalls, $5.95) goes into detail o how to entertain graciously in a maid less household, including "the man' role in the kitchen." But in the earl 1920s, when Mrs. Post put out he first 600-page *Etiquette: The Blue Boo of Social Usage,* I'm sure the only ma in the kitchen she'd have thought o would have been the butler.

What is the difference between pre destination and the providence of God? What about spiritual healing an miracles? How about pain and sin?

These and a mass of other question are discussed with clarity and insight by **Georgia Harkness** in THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD (Abingdon, $3.50). Here, in unusually lucid form, is the ology for the lay reader. It may not answer all your theological questions, but it will give you a firm basis from which you may ponder them.

"Read it," Mrs. Barnabas said the other day, handing me a book. I did, and I recommend it to any husband. It's WOMEN AND FATIGUE by **Marion Hilliard** (Doubleday, $2.95).

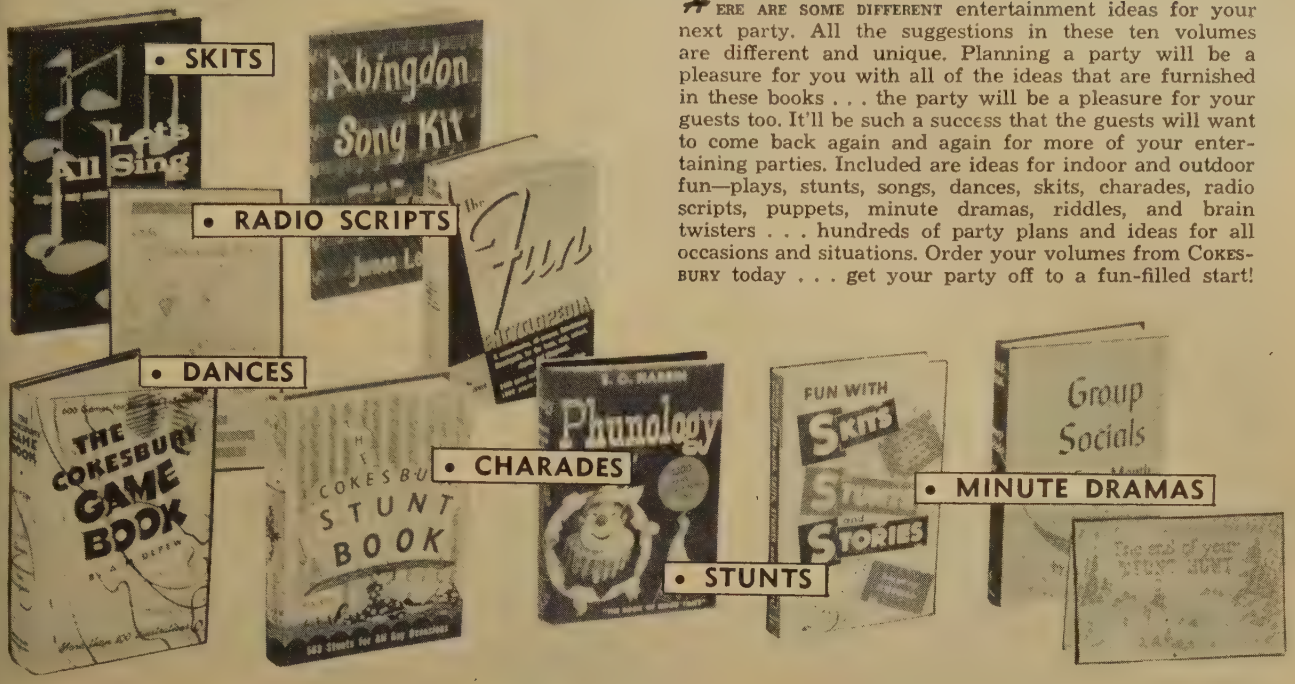
Dr. Hilliard, a Toronto gynecologist, wrote the book primarily for women, of course, and I hope they read it, too. It's far more than a clinical discussion of the factors that cause that tired feeling, and when in the last chapter the author reveals the source of her own inner peace, you understand why. She finds balance and serenity in religion.

"Children's books are getting so good the kids are going to have a hard time keeping them from their parents," an envious co-worker remarked as she handed me one. It was INDIANS OF THE PLAINS (American Heritage, $3.50) by-lined by **Eugene Rachlis** and **John C. Ewers.**

She was right. A more readable and comprehensive book on the Amerind has never come to my attention. It's amazingly well illustrated, with more

Entertainment for your next party . . .

HERE ARE SOME DIFFERENT IDEAS!



HERE ARE SOME DIFFERENT entertainment ideas for your next party. All the suggestions in these ten volumes are different and unique. Planning a party will be a pleasure for you with all of the ideas that are furnished in these books . . . the party will be a pleasure for your guests too. It'll be such a success that the guests will want to come back again and again for more of your entertaining parties. Included are ideas for indoor and outdoor fun—plays, stunts, songs, dances, skits, charades, radio scripts, puppets, minute dramas, riddles, and brain twisters . . . hundreds of party plans and ideas for all occasions and situations. Order your volumes from COKESBURY today . . . get your party off to a fun-filled start!

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Ties of Loyalty

AMONG the stories about beloved hymns, perhaps none has survived frequent telling better than that of Dr. John Fawcett and *Blest Be the Tie That Binds*. And it's little wonder. The touching account of how this hymn came to be written is a perfect illustration of its message of loyalty and love.

A native of Yorkshire in northern England, John Fawcett was the son of improverished parents, and at 13 was sent to London for six years to learn the tailoring trade. There he attended an evangelistic meeting led by the fiery Methodist preacher, George Whitefield. To the 16-year-old Yorkshire youth, Whitefield's eloquence was overpowering; he immediately decided to dedicate his life to Christian service.

With his apprenticeship to complete and a living to earn, it was not until 10 years later, in 1765, that he was ready for ordination and the pastorate of a little Baptist church in Wainsgate, Yorkshire. The congregation was not wealthy and the young minister soon found his family increasing more rapidly than his salary of under $200 a year.

In 1772, during his seventh year of service at Wainsgate, Fawcett was invited to accept the pastorate of Carter's Lane Baptist Church, London. The well-known pastor there had died, leaving a thriving congregation, a prestigious pulpit, and an attractive church. The offer carried prospects for fame and far greater financial rewards than the tiny Yorkshire congregation could ever afford.

Almost at once, Fawcett accepted. He preached a farewell sermon to the Wainsgate church and began packing. As he and his wife faced the last round of good-bys, Mrs. Fawcett was in tears—and so were many parishioners who had come to help load the wagons. Suddenly she turned to her husband and said: "John, I cannot bear this. I do not know how we can leave."

Like his wife, the pastor felt poignant pain in breaking the bonds which had developed between his family and the Wainsgate people. Such love was too precious to be easily discarded. It was, in fact, priceless. "Unload the wagons," Fawcett shouted. "We're staying here!" A few days later, to commemorate his decision, the Baptist pastor wrote the hymn, *Blest Be the Tie That Binds*.

The bond of loyalty between the Wainsgate pastor and people grew even stronger in succeeding years. Fawcett continued to reject offers of higher paying positions and, despite the remoteness of his pastorate, gained fame through his writings, which included six volumes of verse and a number of prose works. In 1811 he was awarded a doctorate of divinity by Brown University of Rhode Island. Today, Dr. Fawcett's best remembered work is the simple hymn he wrote for the people of Wainsgate in 1772. He was still their pastor when he died at 78 in 1817.

In *The Methodist Hymnal* this hymn appears as No. 416 with the musical setting known as "Dennis." The tune, also used for two other Methodist hymns, was composed by the Swiss musician, Hans G. Nägeli (1773-1836), and was arranged by the American hymnist, Lowell Mason (1792-1872). In this setting, the beautiful lyric seems destined for many more decades of service to the Christian church.

—DORON K. ANTRIM

than 200 pictures—about a third o them in color.

Page 82 should be especially interes ing to Methodists, for there is repr duced a page from *The Christia Advocate* (TOGETHER's direct ancestor of March 1, 1833. And if you'll tur back to your TOGETHER for last N vember, page 46, you'll see that sam page from the *Advocate* illustrated— and, under the title, *A Letter to th Editor That Got Unexpected Result* a historian's story of how this issu was a link in the chain that brough Oregon and Washington into th Union.

The wife of the strong, self-containe man who led the armies of the Ameri can Revolution and steadied the firs floundering years of a new nation needed also to be strong—and she was WASHINGTON'S LADY, by **Elswyth Thane** (Dodd, Mead, $5) is Martha Washington's story, not George's, bu it tells much of the Revolution, and it hero.

The author had little firsthand mate rial from which to build a picture o the Washingtons' early married life since most of their letters to each othe were destroyed by Martha after Wash ington's death.

However, the book is abundant in anecdotes enlivening the Washingtons and revealing their love for Mount Vernon—from which they were so often torn by duty—and love for the awkward, fledgling America. Wher ever Washington went Martha followed to make a home for him, whether at Valley Forge or in the first President's mansion in New York City.

Three children's books, all about grass, have turned my personal clock back to the warm, lazy days of summer vacation when I had nothing more urgent to do than lie in the yard and watch grasshoppers. Each book has something special to recommend it.

With WONDERS AT YOUR FEET (Dodd, Mead, $2.95) it's **Margaret Cosgrove**'s magical writing, suitable for youngsters eight to 12, yet sophisticated enough to make a professional writer envious. A sample: "The Earth was as alive as a sleeping tiger."

It's a delightful blend of words and pictures in THE TALL GRASS ZOO (Rand McNally, $2.75) in which **Winifred** and **Cecil Lubell** present the teeming animal life to be found in this green world. It's for children five to eight.

Then there's PLEASE PASS THE GRASS! (McKay, $3), which **Leone Adelson** has written and **Roger Duvoisin** has illustrated for children a little younger. It contains less information but has equal charm and sly humor.

Excuse me, I just remembered something I have to do in the yard.

—BARNABAS

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

A STORY used many times tells about a Sunday-school class of little girls listening to one of the bloodthirsty stories of the Old Testament. One youngster becomes so upset that she cries out to the teacher, "Oh, please do not go on. This is a terrible story!" But another little girl replies, "Don't be silly. This is one of God's stories—and they always turn out right."

I was thinking of that the other day while reading a contemporary novel; so many of our stories now do not turn out at all. There is nothing splendid about their sinning and they have no virtue which is more than a passing impulse. They fail to make evil attractive and what little good is in them seems pathetic and inconsequential. To illustrate, I want to mention together two books which are miles apart in everything except in a common futility and meaninglessness.

THE BIG PINK KITE, by Clyde Brion Davis *(Day, $4);* ONE MORE SUMMER, by Edward Stephens *(Doubleday, $3.95).*

One More Summer is about a group of people in a little coastal community below Los Angeles. It is full of lust, betrayal, false values, and just about everything bad in our civilization. And it makes a man wonder how far such termites have invaded the foundations of our society. This is life without morality and without religion.

The other book is quite different in that it is decent and moral. *The Big Pink Kite* tells about a humble family in a small Midwestern town and of a man who has lost his job. It has within it the feeling of poverty and disappointment, and I expect only those of us who have gone through those experiences can enter completely into the feelings of Paul Wheeler and his wife. But it comes to the end with no hope or purpose. I could hardly believe that this was the complete book, but I suppose the author was saying that these well-meaning people have no future and, for them, there is no hope. It came to me that this in its way is about as bad as *One More Summer*. Do you suppose that the most serious heresy of our time is not glorification of sin but the acceptance of hopelessness as the fate of modern man, our retreat from God's kingdom, and our return to paganism?

OUT OF THE RED, by Caskie Stinnett *(Random House, $3.95).*

If you work for the government, I am not sure you will like this one. It is satire that loses none of its cutting edge because it is at the same time a funny book. I thought it was fine, because I do not work for the government and I think there is a kind of bureaucratic point of view that needs to be ridiculed. This is the story of an agency set up to help refugees from a Latin country. A couple of shady characters decide they can get American help if they yell loudly enough about Communism in their government. The only trouble is that there is no Communism and there are few refugees who want to leave for America. The agency having been set up, however, must go on and the men who run it are for the most part incompetent, stupid, or hypocritical. There are at least two or three, however, who are intelligent and have a sense of humor.

THE STREET OF THE LAUGHING CAMEL, by Ben Lucien Burman *(McGraw-Hill, $3.95).*

This one is not out to prove anything, but just to give you an evening or two of fun. A Texas soldier decides to stay on in North Africa and open a laundry. Arabs and Texans are far apart in many things, but he manages to adjust his way of life to theirs and he has some wonderful adventures. He starts toward Johannesburg but never makes it, for he ends up as a trader in the Congo. I wish that Mr. Burman had shown the missionary enterprise more adequately, for like so many sophisticated people, he assumes that missionaries are nice old ladies, well-meaning and naive. He should have met some of the people I know in Africa.

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RUFFY TUFFY GUFFY McGAW

By Gina Bell-Zano

RUFFY Tuffy Guffy McGaw was the biggest cat you ever saw. He had shiny, fluffy fur and big, sparkly green eyes. He was bigger than his sister. He was bigger than his mother. He was even bigger than his own father, who was a large cat himself.

Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw was very proud of being so big and strong. In fact, every time anyone in his family said, "My goodness, Ruffy, you're getting bigger every day," Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw said, "You're so right. I'm getting to be the biggest beast you ever saw."

One bright day, Ruffy was taking a walk. He walked along with his head high and his tail up in the air. Suddenly he saw a robin on the lawn. The robin was hopping about busily. When she saw Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw, she stopped hopping and looked at him. Ruffy looked back at the robin out of his big, green eyes. Then he said with a growl, "I'm Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw. I'm the biggest beast you ever saw."

The robin said quickly, "That you are, that you are. Excuse me, please—I hear my mother calling." She spread her wings and flew away very fast.

Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw puffed out his chest and walked on proudly. He saw a small squirrel busily looking for nuts. The squirrel saw him and sat up on his hind legs, very quietly. Ruffy looked at him out of his big, shiny green eyes and said, "I'm Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw. I'm the biggest beast you ever saw."

"Oh, that you are, that you are," said the squirrel quickly. "Excuse me, please—I hear my mother calling." And he scurried off in a big hurry.

Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw puffed out his chest and walked on proudly. He was looking for somebody else to show off to. He saw a small gray mouse nibbling on a cooky. The mouse dropped his cooky when he saw Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw staring at him.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Ruffy. "I'm Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw. I'm the biggest beast you ever saw."

"That you are, that you are," said the small mouse quickly. "Excuse me, please—I hear my mother calling." And he hurried off, forgetting all about his cooky.

Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw looked after him with a pleased

mile. "There are so many mall beasts around and bout," he said to himself. Poor, weak little things. hey're so afraid of me, but wouldn't hurt them. I just ke to scare them a bit."

Ruffy walked along proud-. Then he saw another ani-al lying curled up on a porch. uffy walked right over to m. He said very loudly, "I'm uffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw, m the biggest beast you ever w." The animal opened his es and looked at Ruffy. He ood up slowly and stretched. Ruffy looked up and up and p. This was the biggest ani-al he had ever seen. He was big that Ruffy had to put s head away back to see his ce. Then the large animal opened his huge mouth and Ruffy saw the biggest, whitest, sharpest teeth he had ever seen. He moved back a little. The large animal asked with a deep growl, "What did you say?"

"I'm Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw. I'm the biggest beast you ever saw," said Ruffy in a little voice.

"Oh, no you're not," said the large animal. "I'm the biggest beast you ever saw. Now run along and let me be—I don't fight anyone smaller than me."

"Just who are you, please?" asked Ruffy in a very small voice.

"Why, I'm Rocky Boxer, of course. And I'm almost as big as a horse."

"That you are, that you are," said Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw. "Excuse me, please—I hear my mother calling me." And he ran home as fast as he could go.

When he arrived home he found that his Aunt Tabitha had come for a visit. "My goodness," she said when she saw Ruffy come running in, "you're getting bigger every day."

"Yes, Aunt Tabitha," said Ruffy, "I am quite big for a cat. But compared to a dog like Rocky Boxer, I'm really very small."

And from then on, Ruffy Tuffy Guffy McGaw became a very pleasant cat to know. Never again did he brag about being the biggest beast that anyone ever had seen.

Paper-Plate Pussycats

OU CAN MAKE a big t like Ruffy Tuffy Guffy cGaw from an ordinary aper plate. First, using ayons, draw a kitty's face n the bottom side of the aper plate. Then cut out ne eyes and, with cello-hane tape, fasten two shiny arbles in the eye spaces. ext, make whiskers out of black paper (or use soda raws, instead) and paste them in place by the nose. You ight want to cut out paper ears and paste them on the late, too. Then, to give the cat a fluffy look, make small uts all around the plate and curl the outside edges just a ttle bit. If you use clear, shiny marbles for the eyes, you an make them glisten and sparkle by holding the paper-late face in front of a light. You can make other bright-yed animal faces from paper plates and marbles, too—hy don't you try it today and see?

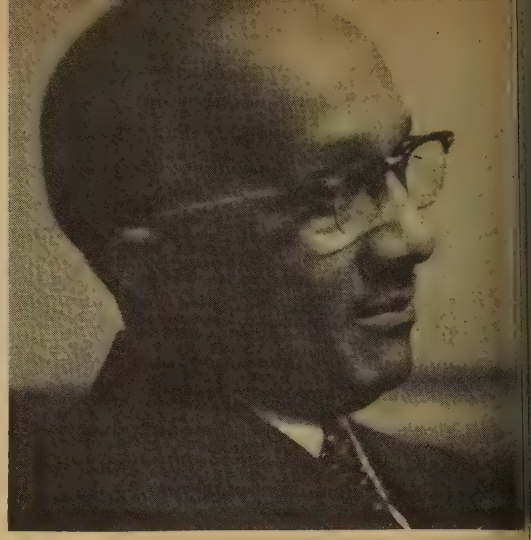
KIND WORDS

At school, at home,
at work, or play,
Please help me, God,
to always say
Kind thoughtful words—
and most of all,
don't let me boast;
Help me to speak
as Jesus would:
Words of kindness,
words of good.
Thank you, God.
Amen.

—Ruth Adams Murray

Methodism rolls up its sleeves to fight blight and decay where . . .

Three Churches Make One



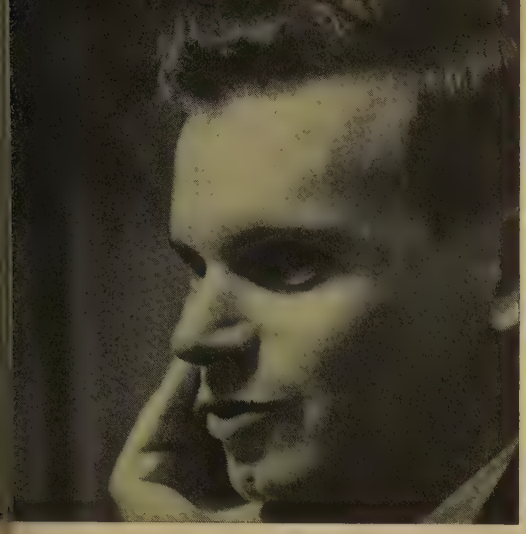
The Rev. E. C. McLeod's Union Church is in a neighborhood packed with night clubs and bars

South End children, who feel close to the Church of All Nations, linger there after Vacation Bible school.

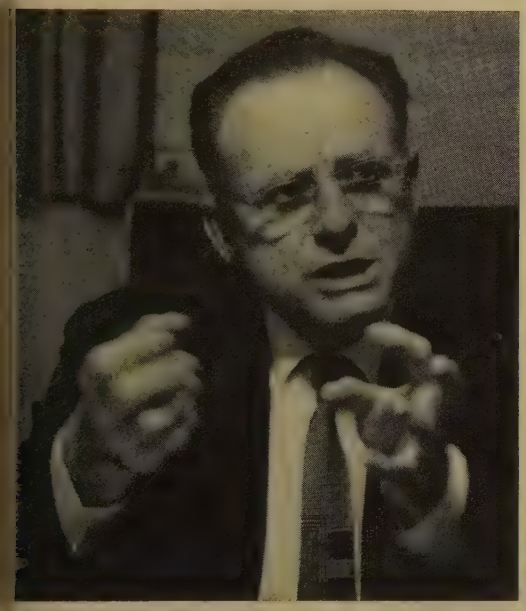
FILTH, FEAR, and sin, familiar elements in decaying inner-city areas, stalk the dark alleys and littered streets of Boston's once respectable South End section. Here, only a few blocks from the city's historic Common, juke boxes and drunken voices compete with the grinding rumble of elevated trains. Yet in this area where Christian witness and leadership are desperately needed, many once-strong churches have withered and died.

Three slum-surrounded churches, however, are very much alive today. More than that, they're setting a pattern which may show the way toward solution of a problem Methodism shares with other denominations: the fate of the inner-city church and the people it must reach and serve.

To meet the physical, spiritual, and psychological needs of an area where crime and violence are everyday facts of life, the three churches are working together as the South End Methodist Parish in a General Advance Special project promoted by the New England Conference and the Board of Missions' Division of National Missions. One is Morgan Memorial Church of All Nations, birthplace of Goodwill Industries and nationally known for its work with the handicapped and underprivileged. The second is Tremont Street Church where, in 1869, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was organized. Union Church, chartered as a Negro church in 1824, moved into the area 11 years ago and



oydon C. Richardson, youthful
inister of Tremont Street Church, often
called to tenements and jails.

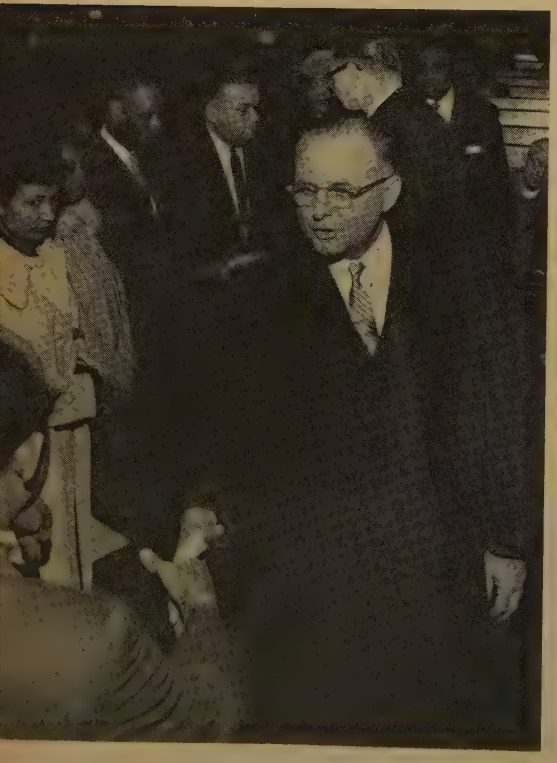


hn E. Barclay has a double role:
astor of the Church of All Nations and
-ordinator of South End Parish.

Pastor on patrol: Soon the sun will set, but his day is far from done. Soon, too, the cheap neon lights will flare throughout South End.

Richardson (right), on a tenement call, finds children at play.

Barclay (above) is as friendly with a street-corner fruit vendor . . .

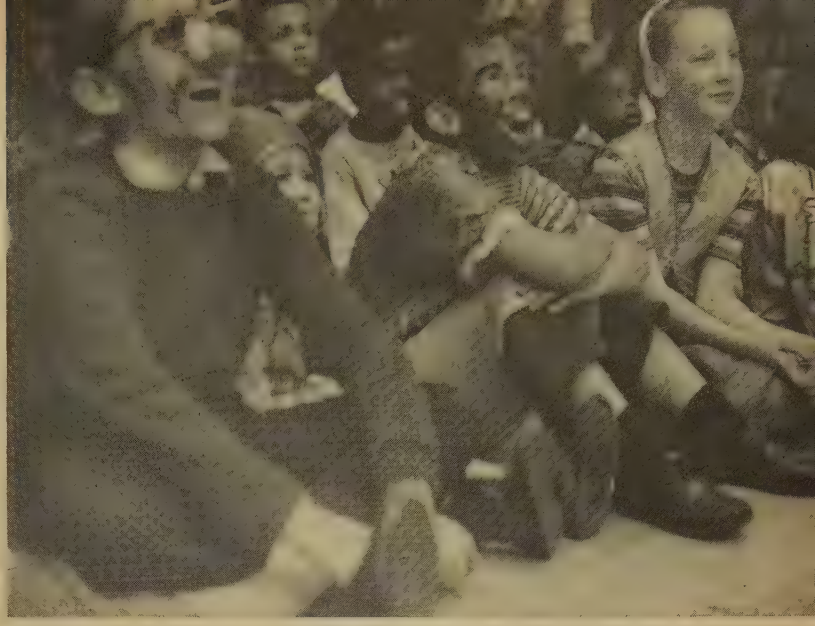


. . . as he is greeting worshipers Sundays at the Church of All Nations.

hree Churches *(continued)*

ow also serves several other ethnic groups. South End Parish churches carry on a positive ministry in the blighted area—667 acres ntaining about 50,000 residents and some 0 liquor outlets. Roughly half of these peoe are unchurched.

But change can and will come as the urches work together to remedy situations rmerly deplored from the pulpit but not ught in the streets. While the three are not cial agencies (the preaching of Christ's ospel is central), churchyards have been rned into playgrounds, sanctuaries into day rseries and schools. Ministers work with ople where they are, rather than waiting r the lost ones to seek out the church. Aided such dedicated laymen as Mrs. Martha avies, parish director, they are working their ay into the hearts of hundreds who once ought nobody cared.



There'll be no Halloween vandalism for these South End youngsters—they're too busy having fun at a Tremont Church party.

e-marital counseling by the Rev. ed Frank (left), Morgan Memorial aplain, has helped many engaged couples.

"All children are precious in God's sight," a South End mother tells her Bible class.

Hobby Alley

Let's Learn to Walk

By FRANCES COAN ZEHR

"WALK to the game?" The pretty teen-ager's eyes widened in amazement. "But it's so far. It's seven blocks!"

That was all the conversation I caught as the book-toting couple passed me in front of the high school. But it was enough to support a pet theory of mine: most of us don't know how to walk. My husband and I didn't—until we moved from a small town to Chicago.

Our adventures on foot began when we found city life bogged down in traffic congestion. Often it was easier to leave the car at home and walk, even though we begrudged every step. I had developed a special fear of intersection traffic tangles and grimly resolved that, like it or not, I would always walk to the shops. They were only six blocks away, but back in our small town I'd have driven to them.

For months I paced off my errands rapidly, staring at the sidewalk with thin-lipped determination. My feet hurt. My back ached. I felt sorry for myself.

Then, one spring Saturday, my husband, Carl, walked with me to the bakery. The sky was so clear, the breeze so fresh, that we slowed our steps and breathed deeply. From Lake Michigan drifted spring's pungent sea-life odors.

I looked around at buildings I had passed often but never really seen before: an ornate apartment, circa 1890, with oval stained-glass windows; a small, gingerbread-trimmed house sandwiched between a funeral parlor and a gas station. Tulips, just opening, circled the base of a light pole.

I suggested to Carl that we picnic at a state park the following Saturday. We could even walk in the woods, I added expansively, forgetting my aching arches.

The next weekend, we drove along the Illinois River to Starved Rock State Park. At the lodge we got a map of the foot trails, then spent the rest of the

y clambering along the riverbank, ploring canyons, and tramping on e wooded bluff. We saw the wild wers we had loved as children, and rds we still remembered from school-ok pictures. By evening we were ex-usted—but our tiredness differed stly from the fatigue of business utine or housewifery. Aching muscles t strangely loose. Our spirits were gh.

A few weeks later we explored nother park. Then we began taking gular evening walks in the city. The ore we walked, the easier it became. e learned the importance of wearing mfortable shoes and of carrying ight on the front part of our feet. nd I learned to leave my heavy hand-g at home.

Gradually, we came to enjoy walk-g. It proved the answer to our long-t need for some kind of sport. There plenty to be said for it: it costs tually nothing; it's gloriously un-mplicated, requiring no licenses, servations, or special equipment; it's althful and educational—and it's fun.

That August we vacationed at Rocky ountain National Park, where only foot trails did we catch the full ndeur of the wilderness. Maps in nd, we followed steep paths edging mbling trout streams and climbed ny ledges to view the lakes below. sting in still pine forests, we shook the irritations of our too-busy lives d found peace and inner strength r the days and weeks ahead. Here s still another benefit of walking—oviding the climate for emotional d spiritual renewal.

Back home, too, we discovered that ort daily walks freshened our minds d spirits. Carl began taking 15-nute lunch-hour jaunts which cleared mind of petty business worries; I ew fond of afternoon walks which ere ideal for breaking the day's utine and setting work goals. We th looked forward to cool evening lks together—even just to the end the block and back—during which e shared the day's experiences, prob-ns, and dreams.

We also found that each walk, even er familiar ground, held the promise new adventure. We saw our first paw tree while visiting a small uthern-Illinois town. Friends who d joined us for a country hike inted out the yellow fruit and urged to taste it. Apprehensive, we did—d were fascinated with the banana-e flavor. Now we eat papaws when-er we can find them. Similarly, on e of our spring city hikes we dis-vered fresh sassafras for sale in a y neighborhood grocery. We bought me, made tea, and liked it. Each pril since, the saucy aroma of sassafras s heralded spring in our household.

Often on our walks we talked about

Name Your Hobby

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BLANK CHECKS: Joe Vaughan, 912 Nillash, Liberal, Kans.

BUTTONS: Mrs. Rose Etheridge, 901 Denson Ave., Madison, Tenn.; Mrs. Florence Larsen, Epworth, Iowa.

CHURCH BULLETINS: Ruby Presnell, Box 294, Central Falls, N.C.; Russell A. Yeo, 950 Hempstead Dr., Apt. 3, Cincinnati 31, Ohio; Rev. William C. Stearns, Box 315, Shelby, Mont.; Mrs. Bertie Kinslow, Box 34, Oglesby, Tex.; Mrs. Pearle Gardner, 6310 McCorkle Ave., Charleston, W. Va.; Mrs. Lee Lemon, 2601 Sunset Rd., Topeka, Kans.

COINS: Larry Shinneman, 4909 Stonewall, Downers Grove, Ill.; Mrs. Elka Gerganoff, 230 Gibson Ave., Pacific Grove, Calif. (silver dollars); E. C. Tarvin, Box 136-A, Barnhart, Tex. (U.S.); Rev. James H. Snell, Jr., Box 38, Temple, Ga. (U.S.); Frank E. Weston, 58 Edgewood Ave., Methuen, Mass. (U.S.); Don Mungle, RR 7, Station Rd., Erie, Pa.

EARRINGS: Mrs. Jim Edwards, Five Points, R. 1, Lewes, Del.

HORTICULTURE: Mrs. George Clark, 96 Pine St., Presque Isle, Maine (African violets); Mrs. Edith Hushour, R. 2, Sycamore, Ohio (house plants).

HYMNS: Pauline Shortridge, 151 Wagner Rd., Morgantown, W. Va.

INDIAN RELICS: C. A. Hyke, Box 223, Bowman, N. Dak. (arrowheads); Ronald Longnecker, Jr. R. 1, Box 128, West Plains, Mo.; Joe Vaughan, 912 Nillash, Liberal, Kans. (arrowheads).

INSECTS: Susan, Robin, and Vincent Myers, R. 2, Box 124, Apache, Okla. (especially butterflies).

LIVE ANIMALS: Clara Hughart, 620 Grefer St., Harvey, La. (horses).

MAGIC: Greg Burr, 412 Tulsa, Carpentersville, Ill.

MATCHBOOKS: Mrs. Elka Gerganoff, 230 Gibson Ave., Pacific Grove, Calif.; Vincent C. Parker, 2 Jay Dr., Chelsea Estates, New Castle, Del.

MICROSCOPY: Mike Russell, 1013 Division St., Red Oak, Iowa.

MONETARY FREAKS: Mike Larter, 12145 Excelsior, Norwalk, Calif. (U.S. only).

MUSIC: Alma Tarvin, Box 136-A, Barnhart, Tex. (writing songs).

NEEDLEWORK: Mrs. Alice B. Bhooshan, Methodist Mission, Anupshahr, U. P., India; Mrs. Jim Edwards, Five Points, R. 1, Lewes, Del. (making half aprons).

PLATES: Mrs. Harold F. Wall, R. 1, Box 48, Blacksburg, Va. (of states); Mrs. Paul J. Veasman; RR 2, Indianola, Iowa (of states).

POETRY: Mrs. A. N. Seavers, Sr., R. 2, Shippensburg, Pa. (short, religious); Mrs. Jewel Murphy, Odin, Ill. (including humorous); Mrs. Ollie B. Richards, R. 3, Elmer, N.J.; Mrs. John Wempen, 108 Ponting St., Moweaqua, Ill.

POST CARDS: Mrs. Willard Greene, R. 8, Box 450, Lenoir, N.C.; Mrs. Roscoe Pitts, Box 351, Blowing Rock, N.C.; Miky Rose, 49 Ibukun St., Suru Lere, New Lagos, Nigeria; Steven Baumgartner, Mtd. R. 42, La Crosse, Wis. (of state maps, covered bridges, St. Bernard dogs); Linda Fiveash, R. 3, Box 7, Port Lavaca, Tex.; Mrs. Pauline E. Parker, 43 Paul St., Chelsea Estates, New Castle, Del.

From Newport 4, Del.: Peggy Taylor, 17 E. Market St. (of monuments, state maps, state capitols); Mac Caudill, 216 N. Marshall St.; Jerry Dye, 19 E. Market St.; Roger Caudill, 216 N. Marshall St.; Billy Aikens, 12 W. Justis St.; Tracy Kilby, 107 E. Justis St.

POSTER STAMPS: R. T. Newman, 407 Connelly St., Paris, Ill.

ROCKS & MINERALS: Mrs. Floyd Parker, RR 2, Newton, Iowa (jade, turquoise, agate); Lois C. Newkirk, Kyle, S. Dak.

SILVICULTURE: H. W. String, 10100 Clinton Ave., S., Minneapolis 20, Minn.

SOIL SAMPLES: Mrs. D. L. Handley, Box 32, Lockney, Tex.

STAMPS: Jacob V. Aranda, San Antonio, Magsaysay, Isabela, Philippines; Michael Downs, 2740 S. 51st Terrace, Kansas City 6, Kans.; Pamela Riggs, 1006 N. Texas St., Fort Stockton, Tex.; Dick Killingstad, Box 498, Albany, Wis.; Mrs. Florence Larsen, Epworth, Iowa; Eileen Kistler, Leonard, N. Dak.; Robert W. Hershey, 1404 N. Franklin Ave., Bloomington, Ill. (from U.S., British Commonwealth, Africa); Laraine Polzien, 612 Carol Ave., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Ronnie Robinson, Montrose Ave., Garrison, Md.

Kenneth Clemens, Box 77, Commack, L.I., N.Y.; Cecil G. Shepherd, 1121 NW 11th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.; Steven Baumgartner, Mtd. R. 42, La Crosse, Wis.; Danny Robinson, Harden Ave., Garrison, Md. (U.S. commemoratives); Ron McNickle, Farnham, Nebr.; Larry Shinneman, 4909 Stonewall, Downers Grove, Ill.; Don Mungle, RR 7, Station Rd., Erie, Pa.; Anna Stearns, Box 315, Shelby, Mont.; Robert G. Dasse, 20 Franklin St., Apt. 3, Meriden, Conn.

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Connie Hoff (13), 117 2nd St., Proctor, Minn.; Kathryn Ayers (11), RD 1, Box 61, Glen Moore, Pa.; Kayetta Durrett (15), R. 87, Hinton, W. Va.; Patricia Curry (13), Box 6, Flora, Oreg.; Janet Mihm (16), 346 N. Main St., Middle Point, Ohio; Alice Pugh (10), 913 Wheeler Ave., Scranton 10, Pa.; Judy Bishop (17), 204 S. Daffrath, Springfield, Minn.

Sharon Foglesong (15), 103 Elm St., Spencer, W. Va.; Ann Hopkins (15), 600 Braxton St., Gassaway, W. Va.; Donald K. Baxter (16), 44 Holmes Dale, Albany 3, N.Y.; Jeanette Purtee (15), 1405 W. Washington Ave., Jonesboro, Ark.; Kay (7) and Mary (9) Buhrmann, Martell, Nebr.; Jeanette Scarborough (16), 1406 W. Jefferson Ave., Jonesboro, Ark.; Gordon Harvey (15), 615 S. 117th St., Tacoma 44, Wash.

Marilyn Depue (18), 31 D'Arcy Ave., Trenton 9, N.J.; Geralyn Cornell (14), 605 Main St., Friend, Nebr.; Donna Hauge (10), Box 533, Wessington Springs, S. Dak.; Carol Marie Fuller (12), Depot Rd., RD 1, Harbor Creek, Pa.; Janet Langenkamp (12), 70 Concord Rd., Mt. Fern, Dover, N.J.; Ellen Oehler (11), 615 W. Stuart St., Clarinda, Iowa; Connie Drush (15), 918 N. Sioux, Claremore, Okla.; John Banker (13), Hindsburg Rd., Holley, N.Y.

Cheri Page (8), RR 2, Fort Wayne 8, Ind.; Karen Denny (14), 30 N. Kennebec Ave., McConnelsville, Ohio; Roxie De Nio (13), Box 176, Lu Verne, Iowa; Linda Raudenbush (10), 6 Garden Circle, Harrisburg, Pa.; Katie Holcomb (8), R. 5, Box 443, McHenry, Ill.; Jenny Wilkins (14), 1323 Swezy St., Marysville, Calif.; Stacy (7) and Shelly (9) Hare, 1202 S. 12th St., Goshen, Ind.; Thomas Hurley (16), 420 Hale St., Pennington, N.J.

Nancy Touchette (9), 2544 Ricca Dr., Kingman, Ariz.; Greg (8), Cresston (13), and Judy (14) Gackle, Ellendale, N. Dak.; Dianne Robertson (13), 15 Waverly Circle, Newnan, Ga.; Priscilla Gonyaw (13), High St., Barton, Vt.; Sue Boothroyd (14), 580 N. 105th St., Wauwatosa 13, Wis.; Connie Rupp (17), Box 115, Manorville, Pa.; La Rita Rochelle (11), R. 2, Guthrie, Ky.; Johnny Hull (15), 802 Shenango Stop Rd., New Castle, Pa.

Priscilla Turingan (17), 9 A del Rosario St., Tuguegarao, Cagayan, Philippines; Cheryl Person (14), Des Lacs, N. Dak.; Jeanette Manley (14), R. 1, Sharpsburg, Ky.; Kay Harper (13), R. 1, Box 215, Clemmons, N.C.; Gene Wright (13), 2155 Boulevard Dr., SE, Atlanta 17, Ga.; Judy Ann (8) and Linda Nell (12) Fiveash, R. 3, Box 7, Port Lavaca, Tex.; Miss Arousiak Kouyoumdjian (18), 57/92 New Baghdad Rd., Baghdad, Iraq.

Onward and Mostly Upward

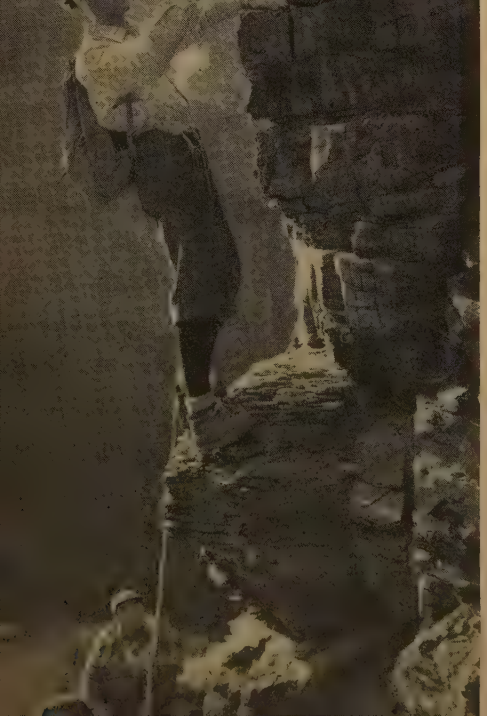
Here's a sport for walkers who set their sights high.

JUST A five-minute stroll to the end of the block and back can be made an adventure. But a lot of walkers have stepped up to a more challenging sport—mountaineering. Like the dashing pair on this month's cover, they'd rather scramble up a steep slope than hike around it!

Why? Every climber has his own reasons. Yet, clearly, mountaineering is not mere derring-do for the lunatic fringe. This fast-growing hobby has attracted atomic physicists and auto mechanics, seamstresses and college freshmen, patent attorneys and retired postmen—people from every walk of life.

Neither is age a barrier; the chaplain of a Methodist home for retired persons in Iowa scaled California's 14,500-foot Mt. Whitney—highest U.S. peak outside Alaska—when he was past 75!

Actually, mountaineering is no riskier than hunting, swimming, or skiing. Experienced climbers know that mountaineering's rewards far outweigh its hazards. As a pioneer Swiss mountaineer wrote of his beloved Alps: "The soul is strangely rapt with these astonishing heights, and carried off to the contemplation of the one supreme Architect."



Where to climb? The continental U.S. will do very nicely, thank you. Mountains are found in some 37 states, including Alaska and her 20,300-foot behemoth, Mt. McKinley. Favored for tough, advanced climbing are the Rockies, the Sierras, and the Cascades. There's challenge aplenty in Glacier, Rocky Mountain, Yosemite, and Grand Teton National Parks. The Tetons, incidentally, have a climbing school where novices can safely sample their taste for the sport.

Yet one needn't travel far to learn basic mountaineering skills. Local cliffs, quarries, or rock formations make fine training grounds. That's one reason mountaineering clubs are scattered all over the country today.

The biggest, of course, are near the larger mountain chains. Among them are the Appalachian Mountain Club (5 Joy St., Boston, Mass.); the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club (1916 Sunderland Pl., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.); the Chicago Mountaineering Club (Mrs. Alice Eix, secretary, 15727 Lexington Ave., Harvey, Ill.).

Farther west are the Colorado Mountain Club (9th Floor, Mining Exchange Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.); The Mountaineers, Inc. (523 Pike St., P.O. Box 122, Seattle 11, Wash.); the Mazamas (Pacific Bldg., 520 S.W. Yamhill St., Portland 4, Oreg.), and the Sierra Club (1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco 4, Calif.). Write them for more information, or—better—scout for a group closer to home.

If you're mainly interested in armchair mountaineering, start with James Ramsey Ullman's *The Age of Mountaineering* (Lippincott, $6). After that, you can make the great climbs through such books as John Hunt's *Conquest of Everest* (Dutton, $6, or Grosset and Dunlap, $2.95); *K2—The Savage Mountain,* by C. S. Houston and R. H. Bates (McGraw-Hill, $6), and *High Adventure,* by Edmund Hillary (Dutton, $4.50). Your local library probably has well-thumbed copies of at least a couple of these. You'll soon see why they're so popular!

The Alps? Far from it.
This is the Pacific Northwest,
a happy hunting ground for
American mountaineers.

the future and about the children
whom it belongs. How sorely,
agreed, they need to balance
watching and club going with outdo
adventures.

It was partly this theory whi
prompted us to ask three out-of-to
youngsters to visit us during th
summer vacation. Their widow
mother, a long-time friend of ou
had been crippled in the same au
accident that killed her husband.
necessity, her children led largely i
door lives.

"Really the only way to explore
city is on foot," we told our youn
guests when they arrived. "Driving
too fast. You get only fleeting glimps
of people and buildings." Five stron
we hiked through Swedish, Polish, an
Japanese neighborhoods, tramped th
length of six fishing piers, and joine
the crowds downtown. Bobby, th
oldest, helped the others mark on
city map routes that took in parks an
museums. Then he led the hikes.

The three also contrived a gam
They chose a direction—let's say nort
west—then walked one block nort
one west, another north, another wes
and so on, sticking to this patter
even past construction areas and stree
barricades. An ingenious way to g
off the beaten track!

The children enjoyed hiking mor
than we had dared hope. Some month
later we arranged to take them to tw
state parks for another workout. Bobb
protested. "Going to a park isn't explor
ing," he complained.

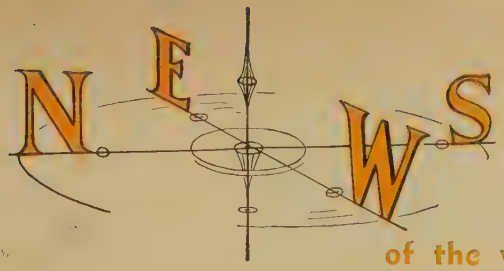
We admitted that following
marked trail in a public park didn'
sound like high adventure. Where else
though, can town dwellers go for
rural outing? And parks do have much
to offer. Carl and I have never bee
disappointed in one. Even the mos
experienced hiker, if he scouts around
can find challenging trails in any well
chosen park.

The trick is not to be discouraged
by the picnic-area crowds. They seldom
take to the trails anyway, so the serious
hiker is left with acres of almost de
serted, unspoiled, and beautiful land

It turned out that Bobby, Peter, and
Nancy thoroughly enjoyed their park
trips. And they learned quickly how
to spot hard-to-see wildlife.

No doubt about it, the children
loved hiking and everything related to
it. We hope they will keep it up. We
hope, too, that they will influence their
sedentary generation to get up on its
feet. As the future brings increasing
cushioned comforts, our bodies mor
than ever will need exercise—even to
a point approaching downright exhaus
tion. Bobby described this condition
better than anyone when he said, after
a particularly long walk:

"I'm really tired. But it's a good kind
of tired!"



URVEY REVEALS SOCIAL, THEOLOGICAL VIEWS

Every second American Methodist elieves in equality of opportunities for l races, but feels that "present patterns ust be changed gradually." On nother important current question, 7.2 per cent feel that they, as Christian itizens, are obligated to support their ountry in war when its continued kistence is at stake.

These and other insights into Methdist beliefs have been reported by ean Walter G. Muelder of the Boston niversity School of Theology, speakg for a faculty team which has cometed a three-year survey, *Methodism d Society*. Results are contained in a ur-volume report to be published this ar by Abingdon Press.

Based on a request by The Methodist hurch's Board of Social and Economic elations, the nation-wide survey covers representative cross section of more an 12,000 laymen, ministers, and oung people in the church. Project rector was Professor Nils Ehrenstrom.

According to Dean Muelder, the rvey has turned up an entirely new dy of data on the actual beliefs and cial attitudes of Methodists.

To accomplish the inquiry into conmporary Methodist thought, every th Methodist church was selected om an alphabetical list. Each pastor was then asked to co-operate in sampling every 10th member of his congregation, using questionnaires containing 77 questions on religious beliefs, ethical and social beliefs, and social background. Forty-five per cent of those queried responded.

On the question of race, two out of 10 supported abolition of all racial discrimination. About the same number held that, although races should have equal opportunities, "segregation is desirable to preserve racial purity."

Only one out of 12 Methodists believes that every word of the Bible is true because it came directly from God. And the traditional Methodist belief that "Christians should expect through the power of God to attain perfect love in this life" was upheld by only 11.1 per cent of those who responded.

On the other hand, more than 56 per cent believe that "men are saved by divine grace when they respond in repentance and trustful obedience."

Of those polled, only 2.5 per cent took the position they could under no circumstances support or participate in war.

Israeli police inspected these 2,000-year-old "Tyre shekels" found there recently. Judas received similar coins for agreeing to the betrayal of Christ.

Crack Language Barrier

Several of Methodism's jurisdictions are attempting to carry the Gospel to the rapidly growing number of Spanish-speaking people in the U.S.

Language is the biggest barrier.

"It is obvious Methodists cannot reach these people through English-speaking churches," says Dr. Clarence W. Lokey, a director of special fields of the Board of Missions of The Methodist Church. "They need a pastor who speaks their native tongue, and a church where they will feel at home."

To solve the problem in territories where the influx of Mexicans is growing, Anglo conferences of the South Central Jurisdiction have entered into a program of co-operation with the Rio Grande (Spanish-speaking) Conference.

In the 1958-59 conference year, the South Central Jurisdiction gave $103,469 for salary support in the Rio Grande Conference. The Perkins School of Theology, Dallas, Texas provided instruction in Spanish in its approved supply pastors school so as to enroll the Spanish-speaking pastors.

In the first year, 13 pastors registered and completed the courses. This year 25 enrolled and completed the courses at a cost of $3,900 to the school. The Division of National Missions contributed $1,000 to the work.

Goals for Argentina

The Methodist Church's goals in Argentina in the next four years include a one third increase in membership, a church in every province, 50 new ministers, and 45 new congregations, reports Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri of Buenos Aires.

His statement was concurred in by the Rev. Roberto Rios and Dr. Jorge Vinals-Blake, a lay leader, who were here with him to attend the General Conference. Special targets for evangelistic work will be university and secondary-school students.

Argentina is one of the Lands of Decision for the 1960-64 quadrennium.

Hike Student Loan Limit

The Methodist Student Loan Fund has announced an increase in the amount a Methodist student may borrow for his college training.

Dr. Everette L. Walker, director of the Loan Fund for the Board of Education of The Methodist Church, said the maximum amount has been increased from $1,500 to $2,000.

Under the new scale, freshmen will be able to borrow $250, sophomores $300, juniors $350, seniors $400, theological and nursing students $300 a year, and graduate students $600 a year. The limit for each classification was boosted $50, except that graduate students now can receive an additional $100.

"The amounts listed total well over $2,000," Dr. Walker explained, "but if a student were to borrow in each period we would have to cut his loan somewhere along the line to stay within the maximum of $2,000 that can be loaned."

The Methodist Student Loan Fund is accumulated from offerings from local churches on Methodist Student Day and from personal contributions and bequests.

Benevolences: $83 Million

Members of The Methodist Church, in the first 3½ years of the 1956-60 quadrennium, contributed $83,249,899 to support six of the principal benevolence funds.

The per-capita contribution was about $2.50 a year.

Of the total, World Service received $39,424,963; General Advance Specials, $22,179,407, and Conference Advance Specials, $16,230,126.

Receipts of others included: Week of Dedication, $1,987,254; Fellowship of

Suffering and Service, $2,736,447, and Methodist Television Ministry, $691,-702.

Jurisdictional contributions to the three largest funds—World Service, General Advance Specials, and Conference Advance Specials, in that order—were:

Northeastern—$10,454,537; $3,110,-450; $3,272,490.

Southeastern—$8,562,913; $6,476,-444; $4,746,275.

Central—$701,480; $40,419; $327,-544.

North Central—$11,110,621; $4,930,-076; $3,099,496.

South Central—$5,808,873; $3,912,-508; $3,070,867.

Western—$2,776,623; $1,577,603; $1,-713,447.

Alaska U President

The Rev. Fred P. McGinnis has been named president of Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage, succeeding the Rev. Donald F. Ebright, who resigned.

Trustees, in announcing the appointment, said they "look forward to a most fruitful period of development under his leadership." The school opens in September. An enrollment of 200 is expected.

Despite Communist Control Methodists Worship, Work

Bishop Ferdinand Sigg of Geneva, Switzerland, reports that Methodists in Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia continue to worship, work, and witness despite Communist laws.

The extent of their activities varies according to national laws, he said, adding:

"The important thing is that the churches are alive and the people are continuing to worship and witness. Methodists in these countries desire fellowship and better understanding with their fellow churchmen in other countries."

The bishop has frequent contact with most of the churches and their leaders. His report showed:

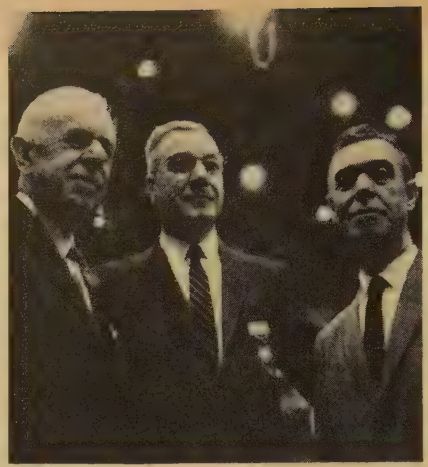
Poland—Seven new ministers ordained last November, making 27 preachers to serve 10,000 to 15,000 members in 60 churches. The Methodist English Language School in Warsaw continues to flourish. It has 4,000 students.

Czechoslovakia—Control is greater here than in many other countries. Seventeen ministers serve 2,000 members in 33 churches.

Hungary—Latest of infrequent reports show 12 pastors ministering to 2,000 communicants with one Budapest church being crowded each Sunday.

Yugoslavia—Methodism, weaker here than in any other Eastern Europe country, relies on deaconesses and lay preachers to direct work in the northern section, and ordained ministers and a superintendent in the southern section. Membership is 2,000 in 18 congregations.

Bishop Sigg said Methodists in Switzerland and Austria, the other two countries in his Area, have undertaken new ventures. In the former they joined with other Protestants and are setting up a 100,000-watt radio station. In Austria they have helped establish a new home for refugees.



Council of Bishops President Gerald Kennedy conferred at General Conference with his predecessor, Bishop Marvin Franklin (center), and Bishop Paul Martin (left), president-designate, who takes office in 1961.

Plan Peaceful Integration

The Rev. Robert A. Raines, pastor of Aldersgate Methodist Church of Warrensville Heights, Ohio, has urged his all-white congregation to prepare for peaceful integration of Negroes expected in the community in the next decade.

Noting that Negroes are living nearby, he has urged his people to work for integrated housing and fair housing legislation, to speak for the rights of Negroes, and not to fear their arrival in the neighborhood.

Aldersgate for four years has exchanged ministers, choirs, and congregational representatives with Parkwood Christian Methodist Episcopal Church (Negro).

Cooke to Succeed Lugg

Dr. Don A. Cooke, pastor of First Church, Bradenton, Fla., has been named to succeed Dr. Thomas B. Lugg as general secretary and treasurer of the Council on World Service and Finance of The Methodist Church.

Dr. Lugg retires next January after 16 years with the agency.

Dr. Cooke, in his 38 years as a preacher, has been a district superintendent, Wesley Foundation director, secretary of the Florida Conference and Southeastern Jurisdiction, member of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains, and Army chaplain.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

AUGUST

1-4—South Central Regional Briefing Conference on Christian Social Concerns, Mt. Sequoyah, Ark.

1-12—Southeastern Jurisdiction Leadership School, Lake Junaluska, N.C.

4-11—Northeastern MYF Workshop, Williamsport, Pa.

4-11—North Central MYF Workshop, Jacksonville, Ill.

5-12—South Central MYF Workshop, Mt. Sequoyah, Ark.

15-20—National MYF Commission, Nebraska Wesleyan, Lincoln, Nebr.

15-20—Northeastern Jurisdiction Leadership School, Williamsport, Pa.

16-19—South Central Jurisdiction Conference on Evangelism, Mt. Sequoyah, Ark.

22-28—National Youth School of Alcohol Studies, Nebraska Wesleyan, Lincoln, Nebr.

22-28—National Youth School of Moral Concerns, Oklahoma City, Okla.

23-26—South Central Jurisdiction Missionary Conference and Board of Missions meeting, Mt. Sequoyah, Ark.

23-26—South Central Jurisdiction Workshop for Local Church Commissions on Missions, Mt. Sequoyah, Ark.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General Program—*Light for Today's Children*, by Mona Kewish; Circle Program—*The Heartbeats of Our Love* by the same author.

Help Married Students

Scarritt College at Nashville has begun construction of a $375,000 married-students' apartment building to be known as the Jesse Lee Cuninggim Memorial, in honor of a former president of the school.

The building will have 22 apartment units and will feature a child-care center. It will be financed with contributions and $200,000 allocated by the 1960 General Conference.

Church-Fire Losses Climb

Ten large-loss fires—involving damages of $250,000 or more—destroyed more than $3 million worth of church property in 1959.

The National Fire Protection Association said 1959 losses compared with only four major fires causing damage totaling nearly $1,170,000 in 1958.

It is estimated that fires of all sizes cost churches an average of about $15 million annually. [See *Nine Churches Burned Today!* December, 1959, page 16.] Six of the major 1959 blazes occurred in the U.S., the rest in Canada. No Methodist Church was included in the list of 10 big fires.

Annual Conferences Accept Challenges Made in Denver

Echoes of the 1960 General Conference and its call for improved interracial relations and a more inclusive church were heard as Methodism's Annual Conferences met to accept the challenge given them for the next four years. [See *This Time It Was Denver,* July, page 6, and *Four Dynamic Years Charted at Denver,* July, page 69.]

Bishop John Wesley Lord of Boston, presiding over sessions of the Maine and New England Southern Conferences, emphasized the action taken in Denver by calling for renewal of the church.

"The modern church offers to man an easy religion with very few moral absolutes," he said. "Too often the church negotiates a truce with its defects. When great social issues demand interpretation and confrontation, the church takes refuge in sacraments and liturgies. Seeking to save its own life, it may find that its life is threatened from within. Discrimination and unchristian practices are a part of the very life of the church of our day.

"Because of this," Bishop Lord continued, "the greatest need of the church is the renewal of its inner vitality lest it become a vestigial remnant of the society it meant to save.

"This renewal will require that the church manifest the power and the will to bridge the gulf between all classes in human society."

Three Annual Conferences put the General Conference's call for eventual abolition of the all-Negro Central Jurisdiction into resolutions expressing positive stands.

The West Virginia Conference adopted a resolution calling for an end to segregation. It said, in part: "The tragic tensions of race relations must be eased through increased justice and Christian brotherhood both within the church and the nation."

A study was ordered by the North Indiana Conference to assess the possibility of having the Indiana District of the Lexington Conference (Central Jurisdiction) absorbed into the Indiana Area of the North Central Jurisdiction. The Conference also urged local church members to welcome as neighbors any persons of good character, regardless of race, creed, or national origin.

The Newark (N.J.) Conference formed a Commission on the Inclusive Church to promote fellowship among all Methodists, and the Northern New York Conference went on record as opposing segregation at lunch counters.

New Hampshire Conference commended President Eisenhower for his "dignity and calmness" in speaking about the ill-fated Summit Conference.

Other Conferences, touching on international issues, urged admission of Red China to the UN and U.S. steps toward normal diplomatic relations with Peking, opposed war, and called for disarmament and bans on nuclear bomb tests.

Early reports indicated that in the next few years Methodists plan to spend millions, in addition to huge sums approved at General Conference for World Service and benevolences, for establishing new churches, hospitals, homes for the aged, colleges and universities. Eighteen Annual Conferences have approved capital fund drives, either individually or on an area-wide or state-wide basis, to raise better than $62 million for these purposes.

The Louisiana Conference alone approved plans to finance 33 new churches in four years and to increase its membership in the next 10 years by 30,000.

Lt. Col. John Hunnicutt presents a scholarship to Alaska Methodist University to Miss Barbara Rine, daughter of a U.S. Army sergeant. Dr. H. L. Heller of AMU looks on.

In Africa: 'Worst Yet to Come'

One African nationalist leader predicts continuing explosions between whites and Negroes in the Union of South Africa, with the worst "yet to come."

"Military and police powers do not guarantee continued existence of a government that flagrantly violates the human rights of children of God," Dr. Hastings K. Banda of Nyasaland insists. "They certainly do not decide the outcome of important issues."

Dr. Banda predicted that his country, where 3 million Negroes are governed by 8,000 whites, will win its independence without violence.

A Presbyterian, Dr. Banda, 54, came to the U.S. in 1923 with the aid of an American Methodist bishop. A graduate of the University of Chicago and Methodist-supported Meharry Medical College, Nashville, Tenn., [see *The Meharry Story,* April, 1959, page 26],

As A Busy Mother, N.I.A. Training Was My Answer

"I wanted to write and found N.I.A. Training the answer. After a few lessons, I sold a story to a religious publication. I have since sold stories to Idaho Daily Statesman, Modern Baby and Today's Baby. A good showing for my spare time, of which there is little."—Mrs. H. Inverso, 3309 Hawthorne Dr., Boise, Idaho.

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Doctors	46
Nurses	38
Public School Teachers	509

Fifty-two per cent of all graduates of Asbury have entered into full time Christian service.

Dr. Banda returned to Nyasaland in 1950 after 23 years of self-exile and took up the leadership of his country.

Youth Group Dissolved; New Magazine Formed

The National Conference of Methodist Youth, the denomination's self-directing organization for youths and students since 1939, has been discontinued. Its functions will be taken over by two groups: the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, and the National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement.

Dissolution of the NCMY was requested by the Conference itself and approved by the 1960 General Conference.

Under the new setup, youth and student conferences will be related to the Board of Education—the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship to the Youth Department, and the National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement to the Department of College and University Religious Life.

The 15-year-old Methodist youth magazine, *Concern,* published in Nashville, and *Contact,* a social-action periodical published in Washington by the church's Boards of Temperance, Social and Economic Relations, and World Peace, also have been merged in the change.

The merged publication will be called *Contact-Concern,* and will be published twice a month. Roger Burgess, Board of Temperance staff member and former editor of *Contact,* will edit the new magazine.

It is expected that *Contact-Concern* will become the official publication of the denomination's new Board of Christian Social Concerns when that agency is formally organized September 29 in Washington, D.C., through merger of the Boards of Temperance, Social and Economic Relations, and World Peace.

Praise from a Princess

U.S. churchwomen have been commended by a Japanese princess for their efforts in behalf of the International Christian University in her country.

In a letter to Mrs. Harper Sibley, chairman of the Women's Planning Committee of the Japan International Christian University Foundation, Inc., in New York, Princess Chichibu praised the group's latest project: raising $65,000 to pay operating expenses of the University's graduate school of education for one year.

Princess Chichibu, an honorary councilor of the graduate-level institution at Mitakashi, Tokyo, is the first member of the imperial family to become officially associated with a specifically Christian enterprise in Japan.

Mrs. Raymond Valenzuela (right), wife of a Methodist missionary, stands in the ruins of a member's home destroyed by Chilean quakes

Chilean Quakes Hit Churches

Twenty-six Methodist churches suffered severe damage in Chile's late spring earthquakes, which hit an area including the three largest centers of Methodist work.

Those at Angol, Valdivia, and Los Angeles were completely wiped out. Badly hit was the new church at Talcahuano and the 350-member First Church in Concepcion, one of the largest and oldest of Chile's Methodist churches.

Hundreds of Methodist families were left without shelter as the cold, rainy Southern Hemisphere winter began. All 18 Methodist missionaries in the earthquake zone were safe, a preliminary report showed, but nothing was known of the pastors and workers in the villages.

Australian Methodists Seek Union With Others

The General Conference of the Methodist Church in Australia has reaffirmed its desire for an organic union of Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists in that country. The Conference is held every three years.

Conference delegates meeting in Sidney held that uniting the three denominations would be the first step toward a larger union. The three churches have been discussing merger for 60 years.

Theme of the 1960 session was that the church cannot effectively call on nations to be reconciled when it is divided denominationally.

Emphasizing this, several speakers called attention to the need for unity. One said union of the three churches would make eventual union with the Anglican (Episcopalian) Church easier.

nother declared "money should not be asted in maintaining redundant and mpetitive churches."

In other action, delegates voted to tract more Methodist migrants to ustralia by providing homes and ployment; condemned racial segre- tion and discrimination, and called r a greater show of concern for man rights.

They also praised British Prime inister Harold Macmillan for his hristian efforts to promote the Sum- t Conference and his sustained efforts save it from collapse."

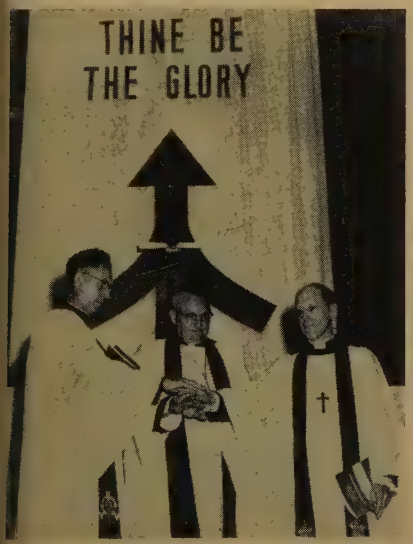
However, Dr. Alan Walker, super- tendent of the Central Methodist ission, criticized the statement for t being specific enough. He attacked e U-2 plane incident as "one of the v occasions when the cloak of self- hteousness has been stripped from tions."

uild Nuclear-Age Hospital

Construction is under way in San ntonio, Tex., on what is believed to the world's first true shelter-type clear-age hospital.

At ground-breaking ceremonies for e $20 million Southwest Texas Meth- ist Hospital, Bishop A. Frank Smith the Houston-San Antonio Area gave e count down for a simulated nuclear plosion which broke the ground in ace of the traditional shovel.

First unit of the project will go two l floors below ground. Within the assive "survival complex," enclosed concrete walls 26 inches thick, will located surgery, pathology, radi- gy, central supply, pharmacy, and d services. It will accommodate 1,200 persons for a period of more than two weeks and will function as a hospital, not just as a shelter.



Dr. William Larsen (left), Dr. Henry F. Schuh, and Dr. Fredrick A. Schiotz (right,) leaders of three Lutheran bodies, clasp right hands at the ceremony which saw establishment of American Lutheran Church.

Methodists Receive Grants

Five Methodists were among 19 recipients of the Danforth Campus Christian Worker Grants for 1960-61. They are:

Robert G. Albertson, director of religious activities, University of Puget Sound, Tacoma, Wash.; Richard Lee Gelwick, director of religious activities at Oberlin (Ohio) College; David K. Switzer, chaplain, Southwestern University, Georgetown, Tex.; Richard F. Vieth, minister of Memorial Chapel, University of Maryland; and Cecil A. Williams, director of religious activities at Huston-Tillotson College, Austin, Tex.

The Danforth Foundation, with headquarters in St. Louis, also appointed 21 theological students—including five Methodists—as Danforth Seminary Interns for the coming year. They will take a year off from theological studies to work as assistants at Christian student centers at universities.

Methodist students selected as interns were Keith Keeling, Edwin Sylvest, Jr., and Donald Cramer, all of Perkins School of Theology; and James Scott Sessions and Donald Thompson, both of Drew Theological School.

Change Seen in Structure of Overseas Methodism

Methodism overseas may undergo several important changes in organization by 1964 as a result of action taken by the 1960 General Conference in Denver.

If changes authorized by the Conference are carried out, overseas Methodism will have a new provisional central conference, seven new annual conferences, four new provisional annual conferences, and two new bishops.

The largest change contemplated is formation of the Pakistan Provisional Central Conference. (A central conference overseas corresponds to a jurisdiction in the U.S.) The new central conference would be composed of the Indus River Annual Conference and Karachi Provisional Annual Conference. Formation of the new unit has been fostered by political conditions, difficulty of travel, and the potential for Methodist growth under the 1960-1964 Lands of Decision program.

New annual conferences were authorized for Peru, Mindanao, Poland, Sumatra, Bolivia, and Uruguay, with the seventh being formed by dividing the present Philippine Annual Conference. (An annual conference now needs to have only 25 fully ordained ministerial members,—10 less than the former minimum. This action by the General Conference makes possible

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When my 87-year-old mother left her home in Ohio to live with us, she missed her friends. Realizing this, a former neighbor gathered a group of them to record personal messages on tape. He also recorded a worship service from the church, then mailed the tape to us as a birthday surprise for her. Nothing else could have meant so much.

—Mrs. Mary H. Musser, *Wakefield, Mass.*

I was feeling poverty-stricken as I walked through the bargain basement of a large store. My daughter needed a new formal and I wanted a suit, but the budget wouldn't let us have both.

I stopped at a table where a middle-aged woman was looking through a pile of nylon slips. I felt a surge of pity as I noticed her rough hands, homemade cotton dress, and battered shoes.

Suddenly, as she found the size she wanted, she turned to me, her face radiant. "This is for a friend of mine," she told me. "She's good as gold but awful poor. This is her birthday—and I want her to have something nice for once!"

—Mrs. Oren Burt, *Sacramento, Calif.*

While driving to Florida we were hailed by a young chap whose car was out of gas. We helped him, but my husband refused pay. "Just pass it on," he suggested.

Two days later our tire blew out—and our jack balked. Just then, the young man we had helped drove up; he had worked his way through school as a mechanic, and he changed our tire in a jiffy.

We then learned that he was a minister en route to his first charge in Pennsylvania—but detouring to Florida to get his bride. And we had supplied him with a perfect illustration for a "bread cast upon the waters" sermon text!

—Forest A. DeBra, *Washington Court House, Ohio*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. Together *pays $5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.*—Eds.

some of the new annual conferences.)

Two of the four new provisional annual conferences would be Sarawak Iban in Sarawak and Patagonia in Southern Argentina. The Taiwan-Hong Kong and the Central American Provisional Annual Conferences would be divided into four separate provisional annual conferences—Taiwan, Hong Kong, Panama and Costa Rica. (A provisional annual conference must have not less than six and may have up to 10 ordained ministerial members.)

By 1964 two more overseas bishops may be chosen, one in Africa and one in the Philippines.

Resigns From Peace Board

Dr. Daniel E. Taylor has resigned as general secretary of the Board of World Peace of The Methodist Church and will take a pastorate in Portland, Oreg.

He was appointed by Bishop Raymond A. Grant to Rose City Park, largest Methodist church in Portland.

The Board of World Peace is to become a division of the newly created Board of Christian Social Concerns, with headquarters in Washington, D.C. Formal organization of the new board, resulting from the union of the Boards of Temperance, World Peace, and Social and Economic Relations, will take place in Washington, September 29.

Dr. Taylor previously served 18 years in the Pacific Northwest Conference, including four as a superintendent. In 1958-59 he led churchmen's study tours to Europe.

Board Official Burned

Donald McKee, treasurer of the General Board of Pensions of The Methodist Church, is recovering from severe burns suffered in the explosion of a cabin cruiser on Lake Michigan.

The accident occurred June 4 in Chicago's Monroe Street harbor. Mr. McKee and six companions, including his twin brother, Ronald, were rescued after jumping into the lake from the burning boat.

The boat was owned by a friend.

Institutions Serve Many

More than 1.5 million persons were cared for during 1959 in the 236 hospitals and homes affiliated with the Board of Hospitals and Homes of The Methodist Church.

Full-time personnel numbering 35,000 persons are on duty in Methodist hospitals and homes in 42 states and the District of Columbia. Part-time medical and personnel staffs totals about 13,000, and there are approximately 25,000 additional volunteers and auxiliary workers.

During 1959, free or part-pay service of Methodist health and welfare institutions cost $14.5 million. Church support totaled $5.5 million.

CENTURY CLUB

Eleven members join Together's Century Club this month. Each is a Methodist who has celebrated 100 or more birthday anniversaries. They are:

Mrs. Mary Ann Brown Monnett, 101, Lansing, Mich.

David McAllister, 101, RD, Oxford, Pa.

Mrs. Carrie Z. Copp, 100, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Elizabeth Day, 102, Hallowell, Maine.

Mrs. Julia D. Chase, 103, Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Lillian Waste, 100, Wauwatosa, Wis.

Mrs. Elizabeth Booth, 100, Rochester, N.Y.

Mrs. Robert E. Barrett, 103, Evanston, Ill.

Mrs. H. P. French, 100, Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. Minnie Bell, 100, Selmer, Tenn.

Miss Ella Smith, 100, Seneca Falls, N.Y.

Together has printed names of many Club members, but has yet to honor a husband-wife combination. Let's hear about them! Names of Methodists, 100 or more, are published as received from readers.

Ewha Graduates 1,064

Methodist-related Ewha Woman's University in Seoul, Korea, granted more than 1,000 degrees at its most recent commencement exercises. Thirty-four of the 1,064 graduates received master's degrees.

Ewha Woman's University, with more than 6,000 students, is one of the largest women's colleges in the world [see *Ewha in Korea, Biggest Women's School on Earth,* November, 1957, page 35].

Five Win Scholarships

Five young women planning to be directors of Christian education have received $1,000 John Q. Schisler graduate scholarships from the Board of Education of The Methodist Church at Nashville.

The five are Mrs. Marie C. Allnutt, Germantown, Md.; Miss Mary E. Cooper, Albany, Ga.; Miss Marcella R. Flynt, Dallas, Tex.; Miss Virginia N. Gray, Woodward, Okla., and Miss Mary M. Shearer, Emory, Va.

Raise Bishops' Salaries

The General Conference voted to increase salaries of active bishops from $12,500 to $15,500 a year and to give retired bishops $5,500 and widows of bishops $3,250, up $1,000 and $500 respectively.

In addition, a bishop's episcopal residence allowance was raised $300 to $3,300, his secretarial and office fund increased $1,000 to $6,000 a year, and a new allowance of $750 a year for office equipment granted.

Closed Church Restored

Historic Weymouth Furnace, N.J., Methodist Church, closed for 60 years except for anniversary services, now is being restored by the New Jersey Annual Conference. The structure dates back to 1805, and was once in a thriving iron-ore and munitions center.

Goodwill Services Expand

Goodwill Industries of America reports operations and services were 10 to 15 per cent higher in 1959 than in 1958, and rehabilitation and employment programs aided more than 38,000 handicapped persons last year.

Goodwill Industries, founded in 1902 by a Methodist minister and still related to The Methodist Church, has 123 units in the U.S. and 18 abroad. In 1959 it paid $19 million in wages to handicapped workers.

Four D.C. Churches Merge

Four Methodist churches, all located within a mile of the U.S. Capitol in Washington, D.C., have united to form a new parish.

Merging were Wilson Memorial, North Carolina Avenue, Trinity, and Waugh. All will become homeless because of land redevelopment projects and expansion of Capitol grounds. A new church is planned.

Pastor of the new parish is the Rev. Edward B. Lewis of Kensington, Md. His associate is the Rev. Thomas Starnes.

"Now you know why the gang refers to me as 'Butterfingers.'"

$3.5 Million for Relief

The Methodist Church and other Protestant churches in Germany bridged political and denominational barriers this spring to give 15 million marks (more than $3.5 million) for relief around the world.

Bishop Friedrich Wunderlich of the Frankfort Area said the offerings bound the different German churches together as never before. They came from all denominations in both East and West Germany.

Four MSMers in France

Four representatives of the Methodist Student Movement are attending the World Teaching Conference of the World Student Christian Federation in Strasbourg, France. The meeting opened July 16 and will end July 31.

MSM delegates are: Miss Lynda Hird of Rye, N.H., student at Smith College; John J. Waggy, Jr., of Charleston, W. Va., Yale Divinity School student; Tom Lord of Dallas, Tex., student at Southern Methodist University, and the Rev. B. J. Stiles of Nashville, Tenn., MSM staffer with the Board of Education of The Methodist Church.

Leaders from around the world will lecture and lead seminars on the theme, *The Life and Mission of the Church.*

Forecasts More Controls

Legislation achieving some sort of national control of the liquor industry within the foreseeable future has been predicted by Dr. Caradine R. Hooten, of Washington, D.C.

Dr. Hooten, general secretary of the Board of Temperance—now a division of the new Board of Christian Social Concerns of The Methodist Church—told delegates at the New England Annual Conference in Boston, Mass., that "piecemeal victory in the less sensational types of legislation may be reasonably expected within the months ahead."

He stressed that, while there is a predominant dislike in the nation for the word "prohibition," there is "a growing demand for curbs that can be enforced."

Urge Churches Take Stand On TV and Movie Standards

The 250-member General Board of the National Council of Churches has called upon churches and leaders to concern themselves with the effect of radio, television, and film upon the U.S. public.

In a 4,500-word statement, the Council's policy-making body specifically rejected over-all censorship as a

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policy for improving mass media, but recommended that the communications industry inaugurate a policy of self-criticism and regulation.

The statement was presented to the General Board by a special 34-member commission it created two years ago to study the role of the churches and the mass media. The document now goes to the member churches for study.

The Board's statement counseled that churches and clergymen should take positive steps to serve as "wise stewards" for the public good. They should not fail to speak out against programs or films that are detrimental to society, it declared, but they should cultivate consultative relationships with leaders of these industries, recognizing that many are deeply concerned about improving their own products.

Asks End to Death Penalty

A Methodist spokesman has urged the House Judiciary Committee to approve a bill ending the compulsory death penalty for first-degree murder in the District of Columbia—the only jurisdiction in the U.S. which does not provide for lesser penalty upon conviction.

The Rev. Robert Regan, Jr., director of legal affairs for the newly established Board of Christian Social Concerns of The Methodist Church, said that the church has been, and still is, "unalterably opposed to capital punishment."

"Life imprisonment, with opportunities for rehabilitative procedures to be used with even the most hardened and deranged criminal, is far superior in an enlightened society than the taking of life as a punishment," he told the committee.

"Repeated studies have shown that the death penalty does not deter homicides."

Celebrate Bicentennial of Irish Methodists' Arrival

Methodists in Limerick, Ireland, and in New York City celebrated simultaneously on June 2 the 200th anniversary of arrival in the U.S. of Barbara Heck and Phillip Embury, pioneers in Methodism. [See *The Three Roots of American Methodism*, November, 1959, page 25.]

Mrs. Heck and her cousin, Embury, a local Methodist preacher, are credited with organizing the first Wesley "class" in New York City. Out of this grew historic John Street Church in downtown Manhattan.

Identical worship services were held on the same day in Ballingren Chapel, Limerick, and in John Street Church.

Descendants of Barbara Heck in Ireland also gathered at the Custom House Quay in Limerick from which Mrs. Heck, Embury, and a dozen neighbors sailed for America. Here they cast upon the waters a bouquet of flowers taken from the same garden where blooms were picked in 1760 and tossed in the schooner's wake.

Following prayers of thanksgiving the celebrants in Ireland went to the Heck birthplace in Ballingren.

Crime Record at New High

A seven per cent increase in the number of crimes reported by cities over 25,000 during the first three months of 1960 made this the worst crime period in U.S. history, according to Director J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Murders were up 11 per cent over a year ago. Burglaries had increased 10 per cent and robberies seven.

Forcible rapes and larcenies increased five per cent over the 1959 rate, while auto theft increased six per cent.

Religion 'Very Important'

Religion is "very important" to 73 per cent of Minnesota's teen-agers, according to a survey conducted by the Minneapolis *Tribune*'s Minnesota Poll.

Twenty-five per cent called it "fairly important," while only two per cent considered religion "not important."

Almost all (91 per cent) believed they personally have either "a great deal" or "quite a bit" of religious faith.

Concerning marriage, 59 per cent said they "would not consider marrying outside" their religion. Eighty per cent, however, contended that religion does not make any difference to them when it comes to selecting their friends.

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HIGHEST CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD, Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE Information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

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DELIGHTFULLY un-commercialized lake, mountain region. From $49 week, with meals. Weld Inn, Weld, Maine.

RESORTS

ARE YOU ENGAGED? THE Farm on the Hill, Route 1, Swiftwater, Penna., (Open all year) is a haven for newlyweds only. Your own secluded cottage, meals at our old Homestead, lots to do without a planned program. Write mentioning dates for picture story and booklet "Planning your honeymoon."

STAMPS

GIGANTIC COLLECTION FREE. Includes triangles, early United States, animals, commemoratives, British Colonies, high value pictorials, etc. Complete collection plus big illustrated magazine all free. Approvals. Send 5¢ for postage. Gray Stamp Co., Dept. TO, Toronto, Canada.

MALTA RECENTLY ISSUED A set of six beautiful stamps commemorating the XIX Centenary of St. Paul's Shipwreck. The unused set is yours for $1.25 postpaid. Penick, Box 297, Canyon, Texas.

SPECIAL SERVICES

REBIND YOUR HYMNALS THIS summer when attendance is down! Send worn Methodist Hymnal for free sample. Engel Bindery, 322 Southwest Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

TOURS

WORLD MISSION TOUR LED by Pres. McPheeters of Asbury Seminary (Oct.-Jan.). Also Christmas Pilgrimage to Bethlehem and the Holy Land. Illus. folders. Bible Lands Seminars, Box 3-TL, Wilmore, Ky.

OLD MEXICO—TOUR IT in October at height of its beauty, all by private automobile. Write for itinerary. Mrs. W. F. Powell, 8016 El Capitan Drive, LaMesa, California.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Light Reading: *Back in the 1930s, when color film was new, photographers used to say, "Put on your brightest clothes, come out in the sunshine, and I'll take your picture." Today, professionals and serious amateurs know better. They search for different lighting and subtle hues, and end up with new and exciting pictures. Examples? You'll find good ones in this month's reader-participation pictorial. On page 39, for instance, notice how J. T. Rhoads used back-lighting to make the simplest of subjects—a spider web—glisten dramatically in the morning sun. C. W. Funk exploited late-afternoon's delicate tones to get a strikingly different park scenic (pages 40-41). And Art Miller's moving portrait of an elderly woman reading her Bible (page 44) was shot entirely by light streaming in the window. All of which shows that the most ordinary subjects can yield spectacular color slides—if you'll just let light work for you.*

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—G. Dixon • Pages 2 & 3—Harold Flecknoe • 17—Clyde T. Caldwell • 18 Top—*Ebony* Magazine • 19 Top—U.S. Information Agency, Bot.—Robert R. Mullen & Co. • 26-27—Harold Flecknoe • 52—Villa • 54—Glenn Hensley • 60-61-62-63—Bob Case • 66—Bob and Ira Spring • 67-71—RNS • 69—U.S. Army • 70—Board of Missions • 33-64-68-76-77-78—George P. Miller.

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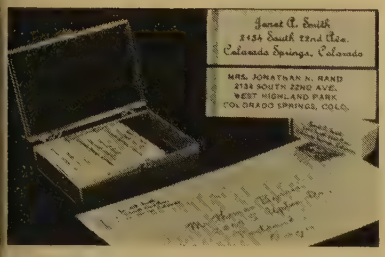
Shopping Together



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dresses gives you a choice of graceful
lipt (up to 3 lines), or tailored copper-
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your best stationery. Black print, gold
ipe, on gummed paper, 2x5/8. 500 in
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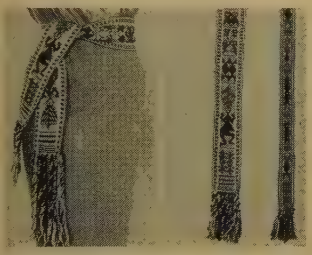
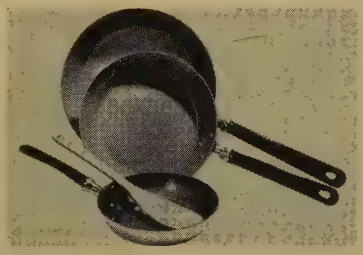
lter Drake, TO-17 Drake Bldg.,
lorado Springs, Colo.

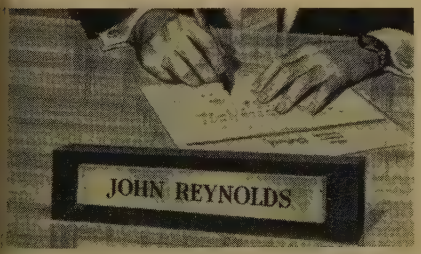
Pretending Hats—On your busy days, keep the children busy with kits of gay, cutout-and-decorate hats. He'll be a foreign legionnaire, top hatter, clown, etc.; she a princess, nurse, duchess, etc. Tube of glue, 2 pkgs. glitter, 7 hats each kit. Boy or girl kit, $1 ea.
Ruth Davis, Dept. T, 23 S. Knoxville, Tulsa, Okla.



luca Sashes—Wrap drama about
. Turn a sober outfit into a sophisti-
ed ensemble, or add gaiety to a whirl-
skirt. Heavy cotton, hand-woven in
xico from ancient Aztec designs. Domi-
nt color: red, black, green, or blue.
2" wide, $2.50; 3" wide, $3.50.
ca Imports, 225T W. 86 St.,
w York 24, N.Y.



Fabulous Fryers—On a low-fat diet, but love those fried foods? Use these Swiss pans and fry in almost no fat! Secret is a silicone lining baked on the aluminum; no sticking. Eggs, chickens fry in a smidgen of butter. 7⅛" dia., $5; 9½", $7.50; 11", $9.50. 3, $20.
Pampered Kitchens, Dept. T, 507 5th Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



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ike him with this handsome name plate.
graved brass (black-filled letters), wal-
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Finger-tip Garden—Let the kitchen window sill be your herb garden. Have parsley, chives, or watercress at your finger tips for garnishing and flavoring. Each gold aluminum planter is complete with soil-less nutrient, preplanted seeds. 59¢ each. 3 for $1.49.
Sunset House, 65 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

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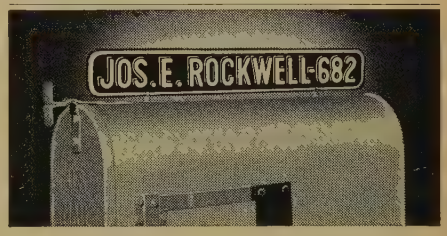

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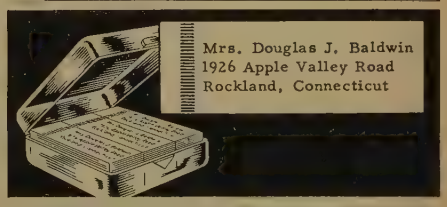
Your name (or any other wording you want, up to 17 letters and numbers) appears on both sides of your Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker—in permanent raised letters that shine bright at night! Fits any mailbox—easy to install in a minute. Rustproof—made of aluminum; baked enamel finish, black background, white letters. Your marker shipped within 48 hours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only $1.95 postpaid from Spear Engineering Company, 548 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.



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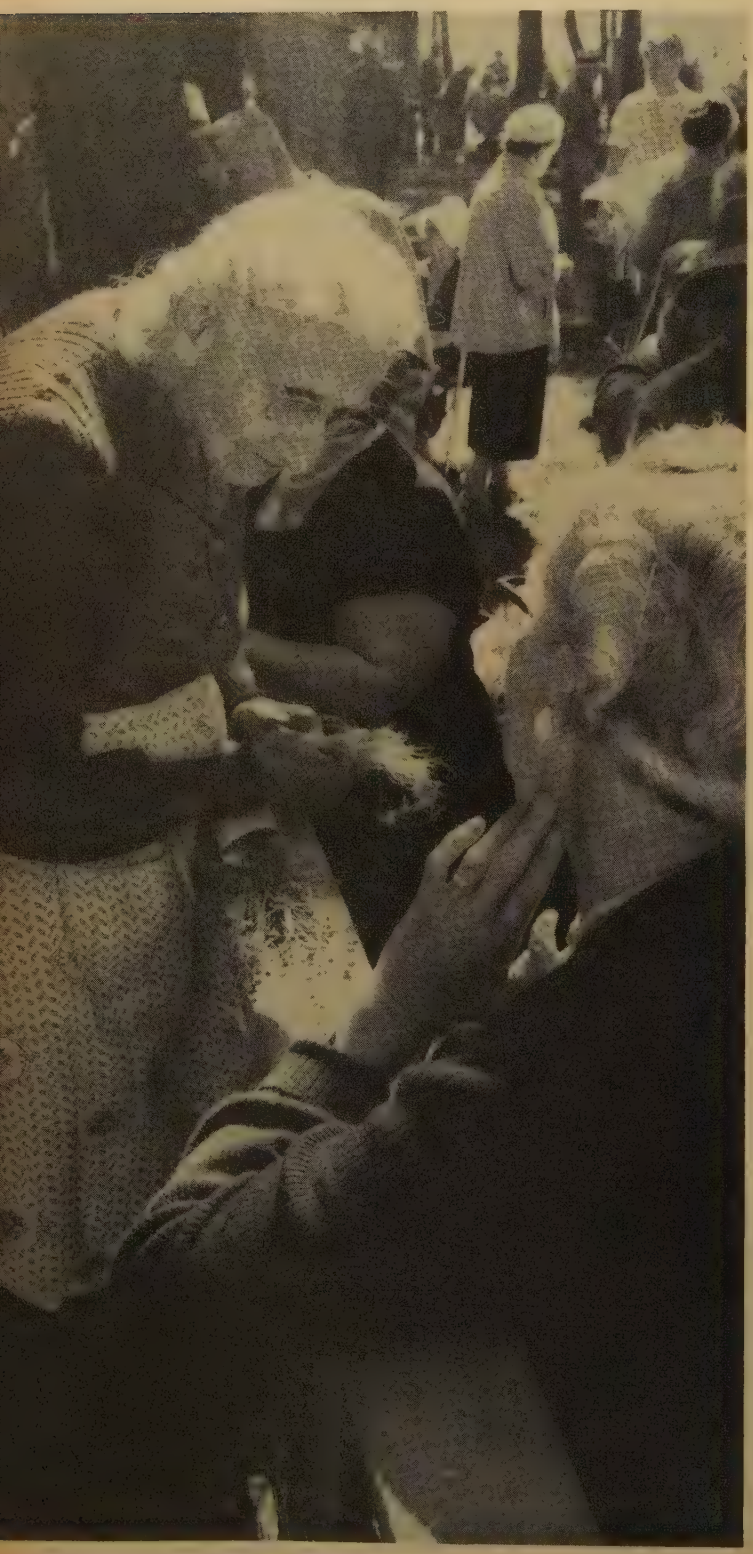
Walter Drake 2608 Drake Bldg. Colorado Springs 11, Colo.

From Pennsylvania, Here's Your

Invitation to SCUTCH!

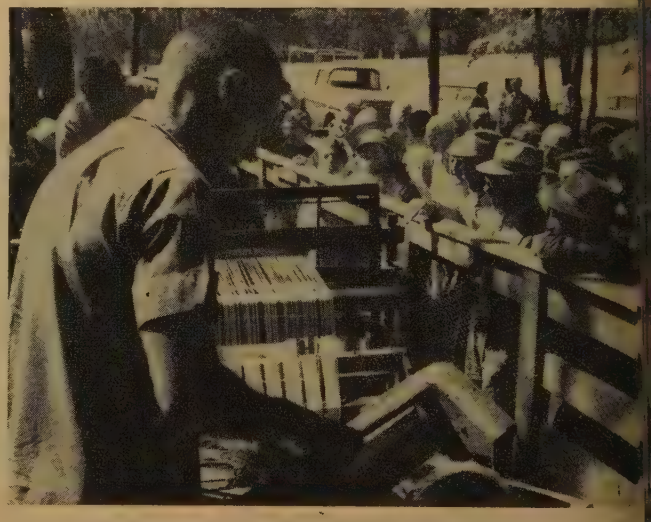


Stahlstown's scutching expert, Mrs. Lucy Hauger, has had a hand in every festival but one. Now, even as she chats with a visitor, she works on the familiar fibers.

LESS THAN three miles of woodsy ridge separa the hamlet of Stahlstown from the bustling Pen sylvania Turnpike. But generally the placid pace of li in this Allegheny village contrasts sharply with the traf rushing nearby. The one annual exception occurs mid-September when members of Trinity Method Church present a day of unique entertainment: a Fl Scutching Festival. It began in 1907.

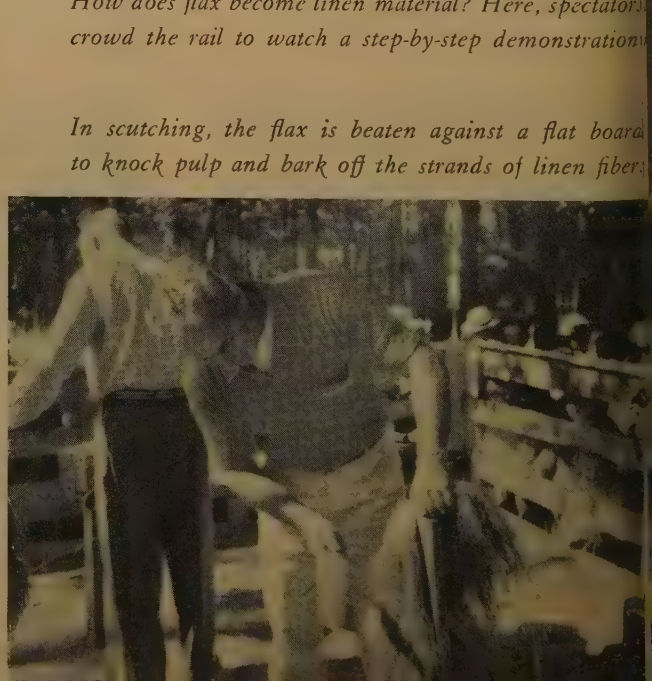
Flax, most people know, is a plant which bears pret little blue flowers and somehow yields the fiber fro which linen cloth is made. But how a lustrously beautif cambric or damask can be made from a plant is a myste to many. Commercially, of course, linen is produced t day by machinery. But if Stahlstown Methodists hav anything to say about it, the centuries-old methods making the fabric by hand will not be forgotten.

Most important of many preparations is the May plan ing of a quarter acre of flax—enough to produce ra



How does flax become linen material? Here, spectator crowd the rail to watch a step-by-step demonstration

In scutching, the flax is beaten against a flat boar to knock pulp and bark off the strands of linen fiber



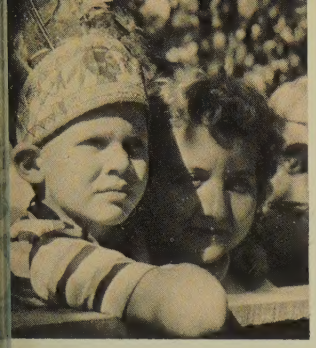
Known by all Stahlstown residents as "Aunt Lucy," 88-year-old Mrs. Hauger was only eight when she learned to spin. Like other equipment, her spinning wheel is an heirloom.

The Loyal Hanning Long Rifles from Latrobe add another dab of color to the festivities.

material for scutching demonstrations and miniature souvenir bundles. On the evening before the festival, the rustic site at Monticue's Grove, just north of town, comes alive with activity as heirloom pieces of equipment are put in place.

Among required tools: breakers to crack the flax stems, scutchers to beat the woody pulp and bark from the linen fibers, hackles to comb out clinging bits of stem and bark, spinning wheels to make the thread, and, finally, the loom on which finished cloth is produced. The demonstration stage is a low platform surrounded by a rail just right for spectators to lean on. In other stands, church members vend food and festival items. Traditional specialties are buckwheat pancakes and home-

Church women in the buckwheat-cake and sausage booth take time to sample their own wares. The verdict? Delicious!

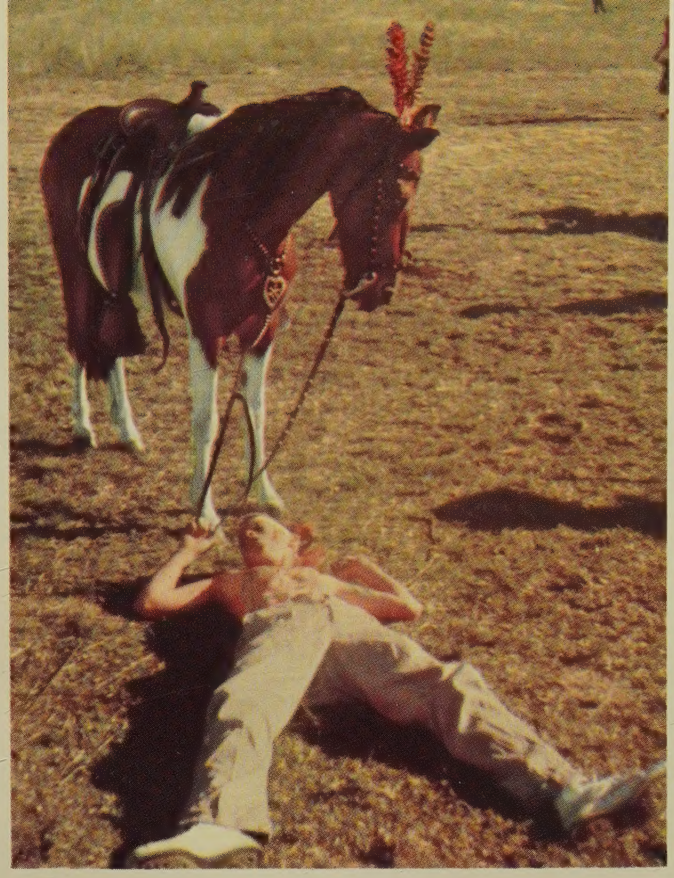


Who's John Lowanse rooting for in this battle? For the answer, note his headdress.

ade sausage. To feed last year's crowd of 4,500 required gallons of buckwheat dough and 186 pounds of sauge, not to mention 270 pies, 82 cakes, and 138 dozen t dogs.

From 11 a.m. to early evening the program includes tertainment—vocal and instrumental music, a speaker, contest, even an Indian raid complete with war-painted vages (local boys) swooping down on unsuspecting set-rs. The riflemen, predictably, always repulse the red-ins' attack.

Stahlstown Methodists enjoy the festivities as much as eir guests, but for a special reason. The annual festival a money-raising project with which they plan to ance construction of a new church. The 1959 fete ded $2,500 to the fund and, considering how the event s grown each year, the congregation hopes that profits ll be even greater in 1960.



An Indian warrior "dies," still clutching the reins of his steed. The sure-shot settlers were the visiting Long Rifles.

looks ferocious—but, like a TV Western, all play acting for an audience.

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